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VIRGINIA

Before and During the War.

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PREFACE.

In the winter of 1889 I commenced writing the little work now published, to amuse me in my leisure time, with no thought of publishing. As I progressed, I came to the conclusion that those who might read might, from its perusal, form a truer estimate of the state of society and of opinions in the South and especially in Virginia, than usually prevails. In treating the history of the times, and of the character of the actors therein, I have endeavored to be fair and true. Above all things, historic veracity should be observed. Whilst it is right that we should respect the memory of great men who have gone before us, we ought not, in admiration for their success or brilliant achievements, make a false estimate of their characters. Whatever estimate we may form of the justifiableness of our civil war, and of the characters of the prominent actors therein, all must recognize the fact that it settled forever some great questions, and that secession of states can never take place again. We are united for good or for evil, probably for ages; and, if we are ever divided, the dividing line will not run as in 1861. Believing, as I do, that neither side was justifiable in its course during and preceding the war, I do not think we should hold up the prominent actors as models to be imitated by the young, but as examples of men carried away by the violence of party spirit into error. Doubtless the great body of those engaged in the war thought they were doing right; but all history teaches that the sincerity o men cannot be taken as proof that their actions are good. If my views are not absolutely correct, it will do good for the young who are now being taught that the war against secession was exceedingly righteous, and the great civilians and Generals on the Union side—the greatest and best of men—to learn that there is another side to this question.

The young should be taught to rightly estimate the actions of those that have gone before them, and profit by their errors. No division of the United States can in the future take place on the old line, so the North and South are permanently united for good or for evil; hence, all should accept results in good faith and seek the common good, laying aside all animosity for the past. No opinion of the injustice of the means by which he was freed should cause us to entertain animosity against the negro, who was passive in the conflict. The fact that there are two dissimilar races, in nearly equal numbers, occupying the same territory, is a source of many difficulties and dangers which those living elsewhere cannot fully understand, and makes the administration of the government difficult. But the wealthier and more intelligent race, while attending to its own safety, should not ever violate, in dealing with the other, the great principles of justice and humanity.

Virginia Before and During the War.

CHAPTER I.

In December, 1855, early in the morning, a barouche drawn by two spirited horses left the town of Danville, Va. Strapped on behind was a large traveling-trunk. The driver sitting on the front seat was a youth of fifteen years, though from his size and manner he seemed to be at least two years older. He had a fine face, and large, well-formed head. His hair was chestnut and slightly curling, his eyes large and blue, and his expression frank and open. Taken altogether, he was a very handsome and prepossessing boy. There was only one other occupant of the barouche—a lady, sitting on the back seat. She was dressed with remarkable neatness, apparently about twenty-five years old. had a very pleasant and intelligent countenance, and, though not beautiful, might be considered decidedly good-looking. Her hair was dark, and her complexion, though brunette. was clear, showing a tinge of red on her cheeks, and her whole appearance indicated good health. The youth described was Willie Buford, the son of Judge Buford, living about thirty miles west of Danville, who had been sent to bring home with him Miss Annie Heath, of New Hampshire, who was coming to take charge of the education of the Judge's daughter. For several days the weather had been quite mild, for the season and on this day was almost sultry.

The country through which they passed had a strange and almost foreign appearance to Miss Heath. After leaving the town a few miles, nearly all the fences were of rails, one placed over the other at the ends, and the different panels inclined to each other at an angle to keep from falling. The road in some

places passed through forests that had never been felled, and in other places through old field-pines—that is, pines that had sprung up in fields once cultivated, but long since abandoned. The appearance of a sparsely populated country was in strong contrast with what she had been accustomed to in the Northern States. The fields had a dreary appearance, and very few persons were visible. However, they passed some large wheat fields looking quite green and promising. Occasionally they would see, mostly at some distance from the road, a large two-storied house; but the residences were mostly framed cottages, many without paint or whitewash, and near them two or three cabins of boards or logs, being the homes of small slave-holders. Sometimes they passed small houses where there seemed to be no negroes, and nothing visible but bare-headed white children, who would run out to stare at the passing vehicle, accompanied by yelping curs. A noticeable feature about all these houses was that near them there was always an immense pile of wood in pieces eight or ten feet long, to be used for fuel. To Miss Heath's remark about the strange lonesomeness of the road, Willie explained that it was a tobacco season—that is, that from the damp and warm weather the tobacco-leaf had become supple enough to handle, and everybody was stripping tobacco—that is pulling the leaves from the stalk and tying them into bundles.

And they soon came opposite a large framed building, with large folding-doors wide open. Within they could see a number of negroes of both sexes and all ages, sitting or standing around large heaps of tobacco, busily engaged. A white man was moving around, inspecting their work. As Willie stopped his horses a few minutes to let Miss Heath see the work, one of the negro men commenced singing one of their strange, weird melodies, in which he was soon joined by all the rest. For nearly a mile they could hear the melancholy ditty. In their conversation, Willie told that he frequently stripped tobacco, and when not at school did other work on the plantation; that his father wished him to learn how everything about a farm ought

to be done. Miss Heath remarked that she had supposed that slave-holders never did any work. Willie told her that it was customary for small slave-holders and their sons to labor in the fields with their negroes, and even the sons of wealthy men sometimes labored, so as to familiarize themselves with all the processes necessary in farming, and become good judges of how the business should be carried on. He told her he was going to school, and that he rode every day a distance of three miles; that yesterday, being Friday, his father had sent him to meet her in Danville, as he would only lose one day at the end of the week; that if the negro coachman had been sent, he or his father would have accompanied him, as they did not suppose she would like to go the distance with the negro alone. Hs also stated that next autumn he expected to go to college; that he wished to be a soldier and go to West Point or the Virginia Military Institute, but that his father wished him to study his own profession—the law. Miss Heath advised him to follow his father's wish. She hoped and believed there would be very little prospect for military distinction in this country. As the day advanced it commenced raining, and the wind shifted to the north. Soon the wind became so high that it was very disagreeable to continue the journey. The horses were urged to their best speed in hopes of reaching home, which was now but a few miles distant. But, as the storm increased, Willie remarked that they had better stop at Mrs. Campbell's, whose house they were approaching, telling Miss Heath she would there see one of her pupils—Mrs. Campbell's youngest daughter, Lizzie—whom his father had consented to admit as a pupil to study with his daughter; that she was the best and prettiest girl in the world. They soon arrived in front of a plain, white cottage, and they alighted, Willie surrendering the team to a negro boy of about his own age who appeared at a cabin door, telling him to drive under the shed and loose the horses, but not to take off the gear. Raining and blowing as it was, they were met before reaching the house by the lady, umbrella in hand, it being a Virginia custom to go out to meet

guests when seen approaching. Her greeting was: "Come right in, Willie, you and the lady; I am afraid you are quite wet." They were ushered into a large room, in which there was a blazing fire of large logs. In this room were Mrs. Campbell's daughters—Mary, a fine-looking girl of twenty, who sat busily sewing, and Lizze, a beautiful and sprightly-looking girl of thirteen, who was engaged in examining a book with large pictures. Mrs. Campbell, a large lady with a very pleasing countenance, apparently about forty-five years old, bustled around, trying to make her callers comfortable and at their ease. She pulled the logs on the fire to the front, and, going to the door, called for Jim to bring in a back log. Very soon a young negro man came in, bearing on his shoulder a log that would weigh two hundred pounds, and carefully laid it in the fireplace behind the other fuel. The furniture was all very plain, and on the floor was a rag carpet—that is, one made of strips cut from old clothing of various colors, and woven into a warp of coarse cotton thread in the domestic loom. In one corner of the room was a machine never seen by Miss Heath before—a spinning wheel. In a short time it commenced snowing, with a fierce north wind, and Mrs. Campbell insisted on her guests spending the night with her; but Willie declined, as he felt sure his parents would be uneasy about him. On Miss Heath being at last prevailed upon to remain, he promised that if the snow continued he would come for her on the morrow in his sleigh, and put her in mind of New Hampshire.

After his departure, Mrs. Campbell and her daughters exerted themselves to please their guest and make her feel at home. In this house many conveniences were wanting that are deemed indispensable in a Northern cottage. The kitchen where the cooking was done for both white and black was at least thirty feet from the house, and the spring fifty yards away. In conversation about the spinning wheel, Miss Heath was informed that Mrs. Campbell and Mary, assisted by their negro woman, spun the woolen thread for the negroes' clothes, and also every year a

suit for her son, all woven at home. Formerly they wove cotton cloth, but of late years had discontinued this on account of its cheapness. Very soon after the arrival of her visitor, Mrs. Campbell called in a colored woman of about her own age, and told her to prepare supper speedily. Before supper was ready a young man in a heavy overcoat rode up to the gate and called for a boy to take his horse, and entered the house by the back way. This was James Campbell, the lady's son, who had been on business to their little neighboring town. On his entering the room some time afterwards, Miss Heath was introduced to a tall, gentlemanly young man, with an open and intellectual countenance. He was dressed in a new, neat-fitting suit of homespun, and his manner was respectful and unembarrassed, with not a particle of forwardness. After partaking of a plain, substantial supper, they all returned to the sitting-room and engaged in agreeable conversation, the young people showing more information and intelligence than would be expected from their plain surroundings.

CHAPTER II.

Judge Buford's residence was a plain two-stary frame, painted white, built in the shape of an L, having three large rooms to the story, with halls between the rooms, and having large porches on three sides. Near the main building was a cottage with two rooms, used for an office and bed-rooms for gentlemen, and back of it a brick building containing the kitchen and the weaving and spinning-room, and rooms for the house servants. At a distance of a quarter of a mile might be seen two rows of cottages, about twelve or fifteen in number, each one having a small garden. In these lived the negro laborers. In front of the house was a large lawn, thickly set with trees, and with the grass still green. On the evening when our story commences, the Judge and his lady and two daughters sat in the parlor before a blazing wood fire awaiting the arrival of the new teacher. He was a tall, handsome and intellectual-looking man of not more than forty-five,

although his full beard was slightly sprinkled with gray. His lady, five years his junior, had the appearance of having been a very beautiful woman, but now faded and in delicate health. Their elder daughter, Letitia, of twelve, with dark hair and large brown eyes like her mother's, was very quiet and sedate, whilst the younger, Amanda, who was ten, had a very fair complexion, with blue eyes and golden hair. She was all life and animation, continuously running from one room to another. Coming up to her mother and leaning on her lap she asked her how long it would be before Willie and the new teacher would come, saying: "Oh, I am so impatient to see what she is like." Her father, looking at his watch, told her to be a little patient, as he thought they would arrive in two hours. Then she ran out to go and talk to her b'ack mammy, who was sewing in another room.

"That child," remarked the Judge, "needs very careful training. There is much of good and bad in her. I hope Miss Heath may prove a good instructress, and aid us in our endeavors to develop all that is good. Willie, at her age, was hard to manage; but under Nelson's instructions he is developing into all that I would have him to be. He and Amanda resemble each other very much."

Mrs. Buford replied: "Our lot in life, William, has been so happy that we would be the most ungrateful of creatures if we were not full of gratitude to the great Giver of all good, and we would deserve the heaviest punishment if we did not do all in our power to train our dear children to all that is good. This lady comes to us with the highest recommendations, and I shall make it my business to closely observe her mode of instruction and the principles she may instill into the children. The teacher has a very great influence in molding the character of pupils, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to Mr. Nelson for his education of Willie. He says he loves him as his own son, and regards him as it is said Reuchlin did Melancthon."

When it commenced snowing Mrs. Buford began to feel uneasy about her son. Accordingly, the negro coachman was

called and ordered to take a strong horse and go to meet him. But, as he was preparing to leave, the carriage was seen rapidly approaching. On seeing Willie alone, all were very much disappointed, fearing the teacher had failed to meet him. They were, however, somewhat reassured when told she was so near, but not entirely reconciled to their disappointment in not meeting their new teacher. That lady, however, was in very comfortable quarters, and was enjoying an early opportunity of seeing something of the manners and customs of the middle class of Virginians.

She found these people very kind and unaffected in manner, and quite refined. She found Mrs. Campbell and her oldest daughter to be thorough business women, doing an amount of work in weaving, spinning, and sewing astonishing to her. Lizzie was very handsome and the pet of the house, and it was determined to give her a fine education. The Virginians of this period were very solicitous about educating their children, and Mrs. Campbell regretted very much the fact of not having been able to educate her elder children more highly. She said, now that James had the prospects for a good business, she hoped to give Lizzie as good advantages as the country afforded. James had only a common school education, but had improved himself considerably by reading, and was quite an intelligent conversationalist. He told Miss Heath he hoped to continue their acquaintance, as he had been employed by Judge Buford for the next year as an overseer of his hands. This astonished Miss Heath, as she had only thought of an overseer as a very rough, illiterate man.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning the snow lay six inches deep on the ground, and it was clear and cold, so Willie had his sleigh—a scarce article in that country—hitched up, and proceeded to Mrs. Campbell's. He found Miss Heath pleased with her new friends,

but anxious to reach her destination. When alone with Willie she expressed her surprise that so nice a gentleman as James Campbell had consented to act as overseer, the next year, for his father. From him she learned that Judge Buford was very glad to secure young Campbell's services, at a thousand dollars a year, knowing him to be an excellent farmer. Mr. Campbell's father, rather a reckless man and somewhat addicted to drink, ten years ago had been killed by a fall from his horse in a fox-hunt. He was, at the time, considerably in debt, so all his slaves were sold except Hannibal and his wife, with a family of young children, none as old as James, who was then fifteen. Since then James and Hannibal had cultivated the two hundred acres of land with great success, raising the highest-priced tobacco in the county. Now it was thought that the management of the plantation might be safely entrusted to Hannibal, who had four sons grown, or nearly so, and James had yielded to the temptation of the large salary offered. Hannibal was thoroughly trustworthy, very industrious, a good manager, and would see that his sons worked faithfully. Mrs. Campbell was not at all afraid to remain at home, the negro cabin being near the house, and all the men never away at night. I may here state that slaves of the small planters and farmers of the South were in better condition, as to physical wants, than probably any peasantry in the world. They ate the same food as their masters, and were furnished coarse, comfortable clothing. Their tasks were not excessive, and they were given time to make little crops of tobacco or cotton for themselves; and some shifty ones would make fifty or even a hundred dollars a year for themselves. They were usually treated with great kindness, and there were many who were unhesitatingly trusted by their masters to protect their families and interests. The sons of the family labored in the fields with the negro boys, and played with them at times of leisure. On the other side of the question, it must be stated that when debts came, the sheriff respected no family tie. When the hammer of the auctioneer fell the highest bidder took his man.

On their arrival, Miss Heath was welcomed with that courtly politeness peculiar to the Southern gentleman, and she was much pleased with the kind, easy, and unaffected address of Mrs. Buford. Letitia was awkward and shy, but very respectful. Amanda ran to her, and told her she intended to be a good girl and obey her, so that she would love her. Miss Heath, having such a pleasant and friendly address, soon put all parties at their ease. She was escorted to her room by an elderly colored woman of dignified manners, but, as she soon found out, very fond of gossip. This being Sunday, all prepared to spend it quietly, as there was no preaching near. It was determined not to commence school until the first of January, which was two weeks off. Judge Buford departed early Monday morning to take his seat on the bench in an adjoining county. Willie mounted his horse to attend school, which would continue a week before the Christmas holidays. After riding about a mile and a half, he stopped in front of a log house with rather dilapidated surroundings, and called for Tom Jones. The youth named soon came out, carrying on his arm a small basket containing his dinner. He was about Willie's age, but much smaller. His face was freckled, his hair sandy in color, and his countenance broad and open in expression. He was dressed in coarse, homespun clothes, with heavy brogan shoes, and his hat was bad. It was Willie's custom to call and take him to school behind him. Although their circumstances were so different, these boys were fast friends, often fishing and hunting together when not at school. Tom's father owned a small piece of land inherited from his father which his wife would never consent to sell, and could have done very well except for his drinking habits.

Tom remarked on mounting behind, "Well, Willie, how do you like the new teacher at your house?"

"Splendid," replied Willie. "She is the smartest woman I ever saw, she just knows everything."

"Is she pretty?"

"Not exactly, but she is so pleasant; if you are with her,

you soon think so. You must come over Christmas and see her."

Tom said he had no clothes fit to wear.

"O, never mind that," said Willie, "she is none of the stuck-up sort, and won't mind what you wear."

The boys soon arrived at the residence of Mr. Peter Nelson, the teacher. The school-house, a single framed room, was near the dwelling. This was a two-story, unpainted frame, surrounded by an unpainted plank fence, having rather a bleak appearance, as there were but few shade trees. Mr. Nelson had been a teacher from early manhood, and was a poor man, owning a small tract of land, and a single family of negroes. He had married, late in life, a pretty little woman with a limited education, who cared nothing for books. He had now three children, his oldest, Lydia, being fifteen. He was a man of pure and noble character, imbued with a passionate fondness for the ancient classics, and was withal a religious man. He tried to instill into his pupils an admiration for all that was grand and admirable in the characters of Greeks and Romans and a reverance for the Holy Scriptures; and he taught them to despise all that was mean, little and false. He had quite a number of Latin and Greek books, and was particularly partial to Horace and Ovid, and Euripides and Anacrean. He was of opinion that Ovid was familiar with the Old Testament Scriptures. Whilst so fond of the ancients, he was not less so of the English classics. For recreation he was very fond of chess, and would spend hours engaged in the game with Dr. Stoval, a former pupil in days long passed. He was tall, thin and ungainly in person, with large nose, thin face, and long arms and hands, and was by no means a handsome man. His school was of a class unknown out of the Southern States, and now nowhere to be seen. It was composed of both sexes and of all ages from eight to twenty, and all branches were taught from the Primer to the Greek classics, and from the enumeration table to the calculus. When the school was large, he would employ an assistant, and when small, would conduct it himself. He always kept near him a long, slender hickory rod

which he did not spare if occasion required. Willie was now his best scholar and a favorite whom he was accustomed to call his Melancthon. He could read and write Latin with facility; was well up in Greek, and had made some progress in reading French. Next to him and in the same class was Lydia Nelson, a plain but intellectual girl, not less partial to him than her father, so much so, indeed, that an observer might fear that her future happiness might be thereby imperiled.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Heath was taken quite ill a few days after her arrival, and Dr. Stoval was called in. At his second visit after making a prescription, he told her his attention would be no longer required; and on her tendering his fee, he would take nothing, remarking, "My dear young lady, I have been a teacher myself, and have made it a rule, never to charge teachers." He went on, "If my services are required, have no hesitation in sending for me, as it will be my pleasure to render you any service in my power. I have been prospered in life, and now practice as much for the pleasure I have in my profession as for the profit. It has been the business of my life, and I could not now be contented without practicing." He invited her to come soon and pay him a visit, when they would have a long talk. He said Willie would probably like to come some Saturday, and take a hunt with his son John, and would gladly bring her. While Miss Heath was sick, Grace, Mrs. Buford's waiting-maid, took advantage of her position as nurse, to give her a history of the family. On her remarking on how well the servants were treated, she replied, "Yes, Mars William and Miss Julia are mighty good folks, but it wan't always so here. Ole Master was mighty wild man. He used to drink and play cards and horse-race and bring lots of men here. And they would get up before day and fox hunt and set up at night and play cards. Lige Jones, the father of this here Tom Jones, was overseer, and he would cut and slash and drive and

have the folks up before day and out after night. Ole Master told him he wanted him to make big crops. He wanted a heap of money to spend on his card-playing and horse-racing. Ole Miss was quiet and good and belonged to the 'Piscopals, and she did not like the carryings on, but she did not say nothing. Well, after Miss Nora done marry Col. Preston over the mountains, she mighty grand lady now, and Mars William was most grown, the Baptist preacher, Mr. Jerry Jeter, and Jesse Witt, come and hold a big meetin'. They was powerful preachers, and ole Mr. Harris, he preached to the black folks, and Mars Jimmy Leftwich sung for them. He was son of old Parson Leftwich, that used to keep tavern on the Lynchburg road, and folks said, loved the apple brandy too good that he stilled himself to sell to travelers, but Mars Jimmy was a powerful temperance man and a mighty fine singer. Ole master concluded he would go and hear them preach, and he told overseer to go 'long with the black folks, at night, and not to let them git into any devilment. Ole Master, he got mighty serious, and he fotch Mr. Jeter home with him, and they set and talked most all night; and he jined the church, and Ole Miss cried mightily and she jined the church, and Mars William too; and they had a great baptizing, poor and rich, black and white. And Ole Master was that changed, he stopped making the folks work at night and git up before day, and he built them good cabins, and had them all white-washed, and he told the overseer to make folks mind and do good work, but not whip them, if he could help it. When Miss Nora heard of it, she said she was glad her Pa had quit drinkin' and gamblin', but she thought he might have done better than join the Baptists, and the idea of her mother, that was an Eppes, one of the first families in the low country, jinin' them, was simply ridiculous; and as for William, from a boy, he never had any family pride, and she warn't astonished at him. When Mars William brought home Miss Julia, that was a Watkins from Petersburg, the ole folks was mighty pleased. Ole Master has been dead about ten years, and Ole Mis died year before last, and they was both happy and resigned."

When Christmas morning came, Miss Heath was awakened by the noise of shouting and laughing. Several of the colored girls came unceremoniously into her room claiming a Christmas gift, and the little girls followed, wishing her a happy Christmas. The negroes were turned loose for a week of feasting and enjoyment. The Judge, though a strict church member, would not forbid such as were so disposed, to have a dance, though some of the older and more zealous of the negroes frequently groaned and shook their heads, and told the young people they had better be praying.

Willie, accompanied by his sisters and the teacher, went into the dancing room to witness the exhibition. There were at least twenty couple on the floor, some being from neighboring plantations. They entered into the sport with an abandon not seen among other people. Some, especially the girls, were very graceful in their movements. The fiddler seemed to be at the height of felicity as he swayed his body backwards and forwards, vigorously patting his foot, and prompting in a pompous manner.

The Christmas holidays passed very quietly, the family making no visits, but they invited a few friends, one day to dinner, among them Dr. Stoval and Mr. Nelson, with their wives. Willie spent his time with several boys of the neighborhood, hunting hares and quail (called partridges in the Southern States.]

CHAPTER V.

On the 1st of January, Miss Heath commenced her school. She found that he pupils had been taught carelessly, and she commenced at once to remedy the evil by insisting on their acquiring a thorough acquaintance with all their studies, and giving their protracted and undivided attention during school hours. They were all bright pupils, but she soon found that Lizzie Campbell exceeded the others in aptitude, especially in music, for which she had a remarkable talent. James Campbell, at the same time, took charge of the plantation, occupying with Willie

a cottage in the yard, and taking his meals with the family. He was continually on horseback, when not at his meals. He was systematic and thorough in his management, the hands arising and going to their tasks at the tap of the bell. He divided his forty hands into three bands, each under the direction of a foreman, one of these called a head foreman having general supervision over all, and receiving orders direct from the overseer. These foremen were not allowed to punish grown persons, but reported misdemeanors to the overseer, when committed, and could punish children without reporting. The overseer had the use of a horse which he rode or kept near him at all times. The negroes were generally obedient and cheerful at their work. There was, however, one exception, Sam, a son of the cook, a gigantic young fellow, soon showed a disposition to try the new overseer. This was frequently done by slaves. If the overseer was a man of firmness and succeeded in conquering his man, he generally had but little trouble thereafter; but if he showed timidity and vacillation, he was ever after inefficient, and had frequently to give up his place. One Saturday morning while the negroes were busy finishing the burning of a plant bed, Sam, though the strongest man among them, moved very slowly, with his coat on and buttoned up. After standing this conduct some time, James Campbell said: "Sam, you are not trying to do anything; if you do not move up you will have to be punished." On this, Sam stepped forward and replied, "Who will punish me; if you think to run over me, you will find yourself disappointed." Then drawing a long keen knife from a back pocket, made a step towards the overseer. Quick as thought, Campbell drew a revolver, and pointing it, told Sam not to move a step, or he would kill him. This stopped him, but he held on to his drawn knife, and swore he would not be taken. The overseer did not wish to

him, and saw that it would be very dangerous to approach him, and that he would defend himself desperately if he ordered the other negroes to take him. Just then, Willie, who was bird-hunting, rode up, and hearing what was going on, wanted to fill

Sam with bird shot. But Campbell requested him to go and bring his father, who was then at home.

On the arrival of the Judge, Sam still refused to surrender. The other negroes were then called on to take him. He kept them all at bay for some time, when the Judge rode up and gave him a blow on the head with his cane, and at the same time, old Jim, the foreman, seized him from behind, and the rest precipitated themselves upon him and disarmed him. He was now sent under guard to be locked up, the Judge declaring he should be sent to the coal mines. However, by the entreaties of his mother, he was so far moved as to agree that if the overseer would consent, he would let him remain, after receiving a good strapping, This was accordingly administered, and Campbell had no further trouble with him.

At the Baptist Church, where the family of Judge Buford held their membership, there was preaching twice a month. The preacher, Mr. Creath, was unlearned, but a man of great zeal and piety. The white people occupied the lower floor, and there was a gallery above, set apart for the negroes. These were disposed to be very demonstrative in their worship, and considerable latitude was allowed them. After services, Miss Heath was astonished to see the whole crowd shaking hands, uttering pious ejaculations and exhorting one another. This would have been carried to great excess, if they had not known there was a point beyond which they would not be allowed to go.

It is a remarkable fact, in the history of the Southern States where slavery existed for more than two hundred years, there was never but one servile insurrection. This was led by one Nat Turner, a fanatical preacher and a man of some education. After this insurrection, and after the great anti-slavery demonstration at the North had commenced, Virginia passed a law prohibiting slaves to be taught to read. This was frequently evaded, and on most large plantations, there were a few who could read. Assemblies of slaves, for worship, was unlawful without the presence of white persons. Judge Buford, however, allowed his negroes, on

his own place, to meet for the purpose of having the Bible read and expounded by one of their number, on condition of dispersing at a reasonable hour.

CHAPTER VI.

In the month of February, Miss Heath determined to pay her promised visit to Dr. Stoval. The morning selected was cold and clear. Willie drove her in a strong one-horse spring wagon. During this trip they had an opportunity to become better acquainted. Since her arrival, both had been so busy as not to see much of each other. On his inquiring how she was pleased with the country, she replied, she could not yet tell, but that she particularly noticed the isolation of the people; and she might almost say the lonesomeness of the country. He told her this was true of the winter season, but that when spring came, this would be much relieved, as she might ride on horseback, or go fishing, whenever she chose, that there were some pleasant gentlemen and ladies in the neighborhood who would join in these amusements. He also spoke of picnics and open-air dances, saying he cared very little for them, but they were better than nothing. He carried with him a double-barreled shot-gun, and a fine pointer ran behind, as he expected to take a hunt with John Stoval. On their way they passed Tom Jones, who was hauling wood on a rather dilapidated wagon, Tom having to work on Saturdays in order to be spared for school on the other days of the week. The road ran through a good deal of forest and some fields grown up in old field pines. They saw some good looking farm houses and some shabby looking cabins occupied by poor white people.

The Doctor's house was quite different from those of his neighbors, which were built in the plain old-fashioned style. It was a frame, painted a lead color, and built according to modern fashion The rooms were more numerous and smaller than was customary in the country, and it had all the modern improvements conducive to comfort. The kitchen was under the same

roof as his other rooms, as was also the well. He did not like to hold and be bothered with slaves, and owned only two girls to do his housework, being almost compel'ed to do so from his surroundings. He hired a free negro, living near, to cultivate his garden and a crop of corn and hay for his stock, consisting of a few horses, cows and hogs, and to drive his carriage. His family consisted of his wife, a daughter, now off at school, his son John, a boy of fifteen, and three younger children. His wife was a plain, illiterate woman, from a poor family, as was the Doctor himself. She was very amiable, and retained undiminished the affection he had for her since their early youth.

On their arrival, Miss Heath and Willie were welcomed with great cordiality, and were ushered into an elegant parlor warmed by the first coal fire Miss Heath had seen since her arrival in the country. Punctually at twelve dinner was served, and immediately after dinner the boys left for their hunt.

During the afternoon, the Doctor gave a history of his life to Miss Heath. He commenced by observing, "I was born and reared in a log cabin about twenty miled from here, but my life has not been a hard one; on the contrary, I have been very successful. I have been a lover of my profession and a student from boyhood. I have never neglected it, and I have been repaid for all my attention, by pecuniary success and by the pleasure of benefitting my fellow creatures. My father, who is yet living with my sister in an adjoining county, was an irregular practioner, called by the people, a root and herb doctor. I was never compelled to labor hard, as my father's practice enabled him to support his family in the plain style in which we lived. We owned no slaves, and our household work was done by my mother and sisters. The children went to school, whenever one was near enough for us to walk to it, which was not always the case. I have read a great deal by the light of pine knots, as we did not feel able to indulge in candles, and there was no coal-oil then used. I cannot see any hardship in that, as these pine knots make an excellent light My ambition, when a boy, was to be-

come a great physician. By the time I was eighteen, I knew the contents of my father's few books, and was pretty well acquainted with his method of practice. At that age I commenced teaching school, some distance from home, near a physician, who lent me his books and directed my studies. In three years, I had made nearly enough money to attend a course of medical lectures. Mr. Hairston, a wealthy gentleman, who took an interest in me, came and said, "John, my son Peter is going to the University of Virginia this autumn, suppose you go with him and take a course of medical lectures?" On my telling him I did not have enough money, he replied, "Go, and I will lend you what you need." In the course of nine months, I graduated, this institution requiring no term of study, but only ability to stand a very strict examination. On my return home, I at once obtained a good practice, Mr. Hairston giving me his which was very profitable, as he owned a great many negroes. In the summer following, there was a great deal of malarial fever, and I was very successful in treating it, chiefly owing to the boldness with which I gave quinine, then a new practice. In a few years, I was able to spend nearly a year in New York, attending lectures and the great hospitals. On my return, feeling my position to be assured, I asked Mary, to whom I had long been attached, to become my wife. Since then, I think I have enjoyed as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of man."

Miss Heath informed the Doctor that her father, a Congregational minister, had been dead some years, leaving but little property, having spent most of his means in educating his children. Her mother was still living with a married sister, and a brother, younger than herself, had gone to Illinois to practice law In their conversation about Virginia, she said she was much impressed by the plainness of the people, which she had not expected to see. She had not observed those pretentions to aristocracy with which the slaveholders were credited in the North. Also she observed that the marriage relation was held to be more sacred than in her State, and divorces seemed to be more

uncommon. The Doctor informed her that there was but little assumption of superiority on account of wealth or birth, in this part of the State, but that it was different in some sections, especially east and north of Richmond, where many prided themselves on descent from the old colonial families, and the wealthy generally were quite pretentious. "Many Virginians," he remarked, "especially when removed to other States, made themselves ridiculous by boasting of the superiority of their State and of their own families in particular." Taken altogether, he preferred this, the Southern Piedmont region, to any section of the State. Here there was but little poverty, and but few with very large fortunes, and the people were generally religious, and there was a good deal of intelligence, but still they were greatly in need of better educational facilities. The conversation turning upon slavery he remarked that he never took an active part in politics, but read a great deal and was a close observer of events, and on that account was probably better able to predict the future than those whose passions were excited by political contests. He was of opinion that we were nearing a great catastrophe. He thought the Republicans would come into power in a few years, though not in the next Presidential contest. Then the Southern States, including Virginia, would secede. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri would remain in the Union. He believed a war would result which would only end with the freeing of the slaves and the subjugation of the South. There was no braver people than the people of the Southern States, nor could they be excelled in the qualities that make efficient soldiers, but the odds against them was too great. Their opponents were more than three times as numerous and held the navy, which would cut them off from foreign supplies, and the prestige of being the old and established Government would give the North an incalculable advantage in borrowing money. Added to this, the South could not hope for foreign aid, as the sentiment of the civilized world was opposed to slavery. He could recall scarcely an instance of a portion of a country achieving independence without foreign aid.

The United States could never have become independent without the aid of France and Spain, and the Netherlands could not have become independent without the aid of France and England. He and Judge Buford had frequently talked of these things, and agreed in sentiment. The Judge was a very conservative man and opposed to entertaining the idea of secession under any conceivable circumstances, and Major Jubal Early, formerly of the United States Army, who sometimes visited him, was much of the same opinion. But such men were largely in the minority. He would venture to predict that in case of war, Willie would distinguish himself on the part of the South, and his own boy would espouse the same cause. For his own part, though averse to managing slaves, he was not an abolitionist, nor even an emancipationist. As a physician he had studied the mental characteristics of negroes, and could see nothing but evil to the whites in having them free amongst them, and no good to the negroes. Judge Buford, who was a very prudent man, some months previous, had visited his old friend, Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the reaping machine, and a native of Rockbridge County, Va., and made considerable investments in Chicago. The Doctor had not a dollar outside the State, and had determined to share the lot of his people, for good or for evil. In closing the conversation, he remarked, "But we must not cross the bridge before we get to it, these things may never happen, and a man can only do his duty as events transpire."

Miss Heath was much pleased with her visit. She gradually formed the acquaintance of other agreeable people, and the sense of lonesomeness which she had at first experienced was greatly diminished. Her friendship for Willie increased, and a lasting attachment sprung up between them. She began to entertain a high respect for James Campbell, although their respective duties were such that they were not thrown very much together, and he, charmed by her intelligence and affability, began to have a high regard for her and to seek her company whenever an opportunity offered. She was the most intelligent lady he had ever

met. Although she was dignified, she was unaffected, open and cheerful. When some thoughts of falling in love with her arose in his mind, he banished them, from the fear that from his want of education and culture he might be unacceptable to her, not having learned that the most highly educated women frequently give their affections to men much inferior to themselves in this respect. Miss Heath, from her own observation and her conversation with Dr. Stovall, began to feel that change in opinion with regard to negro slavery that is so common with Northern people when they come to reside in the South, it being a noticeable fact that those who are best acquainted with negroes, and reside where they are most numerous, as a rule, are the strongest advocates, or apologists for the institution of slavery.

CHAPTER VII.

During the winter and spring, Willie applied himself diligently to his studies and made rapid progress. Late in May he was invited by Alfred Williams, a schoolmate, about eighteen years old, who resided about five miles from his father's, to go home with him on Friday evening, and join some friends in fishing on Saturday.

Late in the afternoon they approached the residence of Mr. Alfred Williams, Sr. The house was a plain two-story frame, without paint or whitewash. In the yard, grown up in weeds, were a number of Lombardy poplars, with branches pointing upwards, affording no shade. This tree once so popular in the Southeast can now scarcely be seen anywhere. The fence around the yard was of unwhitewashed plank and rather dilapidated in appearance. Some distance from the main building was a log room with a wide brick chimney, which was the kitchen, in which the cooking was done in a wide, open fire-place. A little farther off were three log cabins, with stick and mud chimneys in which the negroes lodged.

The boys rode into the horse lot, an inclosure of about two

acres, traversed by gullies and grown up in rank weeds. The stables and corn-crib were erected with some care, and were the best looking buildings about the place. Just then four boys came riding up on bare-back horses having their plow gear on, returning from their day's plowing. They were two white and two colored, the white boys being Alfred's brothers, lads of sixteen and fourteen years old. The boys of slaveholders of moderate means were trained to work, and even the sons of the affluent labored sufficiently to learn how work ought to be done. The young men of Virginia were not the worthless, idle fellows many in other States supposed them to be. They were manly and independent, and after the war went to work with a good will, and contributed, by manual labor, to the prosperity of their own and many other States.

In the distance might be seen the rest of Mr. Williams' force consisting of three men and two women, walking up, with hoes on their shoulders. Before going into the house, they met Mr. Williams, who came out to attend to the feeding of his stock. He gave Willie a very cordial greeting, and said he hoped they would have a clear day and fine sport to-morrow.

He was a tall, thin man, with stooping shoulders, about fifty years old. His dress consisted of a cotton shirt worn since the last Sunday, cotton pantaloons dyed at home, held up by a pair of home-knit yarn suspenders, a pair of rusty old shoes, a shockingly bad hat, and nothing more,—but his countenance was pleasant and intelligent, and his manners gentlemanly.

Willie was ushered into the best room, where he was introduced to Mrs. Williams, a large fine looking lady, dressed in a plain calico gown, and to Miss Euphemia, who, expecting his coming, had taken some pains to make a neat appearance. Miss Euphemia had some pretentions to beauty, and being very fond of the society of gentlemen, who were quite scarce in her neighborhood, thought it worth while to try and make a favorable impression upon a wealthy, well-grown young gentleman of sixteen. They were soon invited to supper, which was a very good one,

as Mrs. Williams and Esther, her colored cook, were famous cooks and Miss Euphemia was celebrated for her skill in making cakes and preserves.

After supper they all took seats on the porch, where Mrs. Williams could enjoy her pipe and Mr. Williams his quid. They and the younger children soon retired, it being then the custom with farmers to go to bed very early and rise with the first appearance of dawn. The parlor was thus left to Alfred, Willie and Miss Williams. She played some lively tunes on the piano, which was sadly out of tune, they living so remote from cities that a tuner seldom came around, but when one made his appearance he was welcomed with as much pleasure as the repairer of clocks. Miss Williams, after playing, inquired about Mr. Campbell, who formerly frequently visited them, but had not done so for several months. She wondered if he was not so taken with the Yankee school-marm as to neglect the society of other ladies. Willie replied that he did not know as to that, but that Mr. Campbell's business was so engrossing that he had but little leisure for society, and that Miss Heath was so busy with her pupils that there was little opportunity for her to receive the attentions of gentlemen. He said she was a great favorite of his and he might become a formidable rival to any gentleman who might fall in love with her. At this, Miss Williams laughed and said she did not believe he could be caught by a lady as old as the teacher, but she would not vouch that he did not fall in love with little Lizzie Campbell, the prettiest and sweetest girl she knew. At this, Willie blushed and abruptly turned the conversation. Miss Williams had sufficient tact not to prolong the subject, so after a short time spent in conversation in which she showed herself to be quite intelligent and well educated, they all retired, anticipating a pleasant time on the morrow.

One might suppose, from the appearance of things around his house, that Mr. Williams was a poor farmer and a shiftless man, but such was not the case. The hard, stern duties of life had pressed upon him from his youth and left him no leisure to

cultivate taste. He had no talent for fixing up things nice around him, and being principally engaged in raising tobacco, a very exacting crop, he had little time to attend to anything else. He was a fine tobacco grower and a good cultivator of crops generally. After spending a considerable amount in the education of his daughter, he proposed to send Alfred to college and make a lawyer of him. His other boys cared nothing for books, and would follow the occupation of their father.

The next morning it was arranged that Alfred and his sister and Willie should walk to the fishing place on Staunton River, the smaller boys going in another direction with their guns to try and kill some squirrels, and Mr. Williams was to come later with one of his negro men, in a wagon, to bring bread, cakes, preserves and pickles. The negro man, assisted by a couple of boys, was to cook the dinner and wait on the company. The fish and squirrels were to be cooked in a nice shade near the river bank. In going to the river their way was through a field where the negroes were at work. They overtook a woman and a boy carrying them their breakfast. This was carried in a wooden tray on the head of the woman. It consisted of large corn cakes baked in the ashes, a slice of bacon for every hand, and some potatoes roasted in the ashes. The boy carried a jug of buttermilk. This was the ordinary fare of the field hands which was not so good late in the spring and early in the summer as at other times, on account of the scarcity of vegetables. The corn bread was sometimes substituted for bread made of unbolted wheaten flour. On this diet they kept strong and healthy, and a case of dyspepsia was unknown among them. It must not be supposed that the negroes never indulged in luxuries. In the long autumn nights they were accustomed to catch a large number of raccoons and 'possums, almost every man having a dog trained to hunting these animals, and in the winter they could catch as many hares as they wanted.

Several young people of the neighborhood joined the little party and they had a splendid time fishing. They caught quite

a number of the celebrated round fish, besides perch of different varieties. The boys came up finally with quite a number of squirrels, which made a fine addition to the feast. To Miss Euphemia's regret, Mr. Denton, the young merchant at the cross-roads, was not present, Saturday being a busy day with him. After a very pleasant day, Willie, his horse having been brought to him in the afternoon by a boy, took his leave, inviting Alfred to visit him soon and join in a fox hunt, and Miss Euphemia to come and see his sisters and the new teacher.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some weeks after Willie's visit to the Williams family, Judge Buford's neighbors gave a grand barbecue and picnic. A beautiful grove was selected. Plank was laid down for a dancing floor, with a platform for the musicians, and a large number of boards were laid down on logs for seating the crowd. For cooking the meats, a long trench was dug, in which a fire of seasoned wood was made, and whole sheep and shoats were placed over the fire by means of sticks run through them. Men were epmloyed for hours to attend to the cooking and turning the meat, and in basting with pepper, vinegar and salt. Meat prepared in this way is very delicious. The feast when prepared consisted of these meats with bread, pickle and tomatoes, together with cakes, pies and jellies. All were free to partake, and people assembled from quite distant places. It was understood that there was to be dancing, and although the amusement was not approved of by many of the older persons, and the churches condemned, yet it began to be tolerated.

Willie, though unused to dancing, joined in the amusement, and with Lizzie Campbell for his partner, attracted a good deal of attention, and it was conceded that they were the handsomest couple in the county. Miss Heath was present, and although she did not join in the dance, enjoyed the scene as something new to her. She made the acquaintance of a number of agreeable

ladies and gentlemen, who took pleasure in showing attention to a stranger.

At such gatherings social distinction were abolished, and all classes were represented in the spectators and dancers. At this time Buchanan and Fremont were candidates for the Presidency, and there was considerable interest manifested in the political aspect. Fremont had no supporters in this section of the country, but many were alarmed at the fact that there was a candidate in the field running on a distinctly sectional issue, and supported by a large and growing party. Although none believed that Fremont would be elected, yet many were alarmed at the rapid increase of the Republican party, and were fearful of trouble in the near future. Whilst the young were engaged in their festivities, the older men formed groups and anxiously discussed the political issues of the day. The people of Virginia were excelled by none in patriotism. These simple country people were devotedly attached to the Union. They had not the least desire that their section should have more than its legitimate influence in the councils of the nation; no ambition, no dreams of a great slave power dominating the nation. All they desired was to be uninterrupted in their constitutional rights, as one of a great family of States. Such was the sentiment of the great mass of the people of the other Southern States. Those who thought otherwise did not know the people, and were misled by the utterances of a few representing nobody. But they were very tenacious of all their rights and ever ready to repel aggression.

Willie Buford at this time was too young to pay much attention to politics, but he had been brought up among these people, and his principles were those of the people around him. His father was a very conservative man, but his teacher, Mr. Nelson, belonged to that school of politicians formerly represented by such men as John C. Calhoun and John Randolph, and at that time by a large number of prominent men, among whom may be named John C. Breckenridge, the then candidate for Vice-President, Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens, and he would fre-

quently express his opinions in the hearing of his pupils. It remained to be seen how far his opinions would be modified at Harvard, where his father intended to send him the following autumn.

After a pleasant day all dispersed, late in the afternoon, to their homes and usual avocations.

CHAPTER IX.

Some weeks after the events recorded in the last chapter, there was a meeting of the Baptist Association at the church near Judge Buford's. This was the old "Strawberry Association," organized in 1776, and widely known by the denomination, having produced many of its most talented ministers. The delegates came from several counties, mostly on horseback. Among them were wealthy planters and merchants and laboring farmers dressed in home spun jeans. These last were frequently among the best informed as to doctrine and church polity. Among the ministers present, some were from the cities, and some even from other States, whilst some were plain, unlettered men, serving four country churches at a salary of about one hundred dollars to the church Among the Baptists, an association has no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, each church being an absolutely independent body. The object of these meetings is to stir the churches up to co-operation, and to devise means for raising money for missions, home and foreign, and to promote the interests of denominational schools and colleges, also to encourage the establishment of Sunday Schools.

For the accommodation of the delegates and of all strangers present, the houses of the neighbors were thrown open, and bountiful provision made for men and horses. The business being transacted in the house, seats were prepared under the shade of the trees, where the crowd was addressed by some of the preachers present.

In an address to the association, Mr. Sears, of Kentucky,

was very earnest in urging upon them the duty of making better provision for the spiritual wants of the negroes. He showed them the inconsistency of sending missionaries to foreign countries, while those under their care at home were neglected. "And, brethren," he said, "I am the more free to urge this matter upon your attention, as I am not only not an abolitionist, but a perpetualist." Even in this assembly, this statement was heard with some astonishment. That evening Mr. Sears was the guest of Judge Buford. When, after dinner, the guests and the family were assembled in the parlor, the Judge, addressing the minister, said, "Brother Sears, I was raised in Virginia and have been all my life among slaveholders, and have been one myself since early manhood, yet I do not now remember hearing anyone express himself as being a perpetualist."

Mr. Sears replied, "The question of slavery and the relation of the African race to the whites is now the gravest question that confronts the American people. A large number of people in the Northern States, ignorant of or ignoring the teachings of the Bible on the subject, and ignorant of the condition of the slaves amongst us, taking their prejudices for truths, are taking every means in their power to destroy the institution of slavery. As to the lawfulness of holding from a Scriptural standpoint, I have no doubt. We read that the Gibeonites were made perpetual slaves to the Israelites by Joshua; and in the Mosaic law, whilst it was unlawful to hold an Israelite in perpetual bondage, there was no such restriction as to people of other nations; they were expressly permitted to hold them, as slaves, forever. Coming to New Testament times: Slavery was then prevalent in the Roman Empire, and we hear no word of condemnation from Jesus, or any of the Apostles. In the epistles of Paul, advice is given to both masters and slaves, and the runaway slave, Onesimus, after his conversion, is persuaded to return to his Christian master, Philemon. This question being settled, we have now to consider slavery as it exists with us, in its political aspect. In the exercise of our best reason, can we believe that its abolition would

be conducive to the welfare of the whole people, white and black? If so, it should be abolished, otherwise not. Let us first consider the condition of the white people in the slave States, as compared with the condition of the white people of the North I have travelled much and can conscientiously say that, in all that enobles man, the Southern people are equal to the Northern. There is here less poverty and less crime. We have not as much great wealth nor as much abject poverty. The wealth of our largest slaveholders is insignificant when compared with the wealth of the great Northern millionaires, and the condition of the poorest inhabitants of the pine woods of the South is happy when compared with the condition of the dwellers in the tenement houses of the great Northern cities. We have as many professors of Christianity to the population, and the conduct of professors, though not such as is desirable, is as good as that of our Northern brethren. As for the slaves, their moral and physical condition, to say the least, is equal to that of the free negroes of the North If these things be so, why seek a change? But there are other things to be considered in reference to this subject. The great and radical difference of race between the whites and blacks which makes it impossible for them to live together on terms of equality (and if they could would degrade the one without elevating the other), must be considered. All men have equal natural rights, but this does not impair the right of any people from forbidding inferior peoples and races to enjoy equal privileges with themselves. Women have equal natural rights with men, but this does not make it wrong to deny them suffrage, a privilege which would be injurious to themselves and to the community. All history shows that the negro is not capable of standing alone, as a civilized people, and when admitted in large numbers to citizenship among other people, has tended to degrade that people. Witness the condition of Africa from the most ancient times, and of Hayti, where vodooism and human sacrifice and cannibalism still prevails; and witness Mexico and the South American States. Other inferior races, besides the ne-

groes, have been vastly benefitted by being brought into political subordination, though not made slaves, by highly civilized people. It is evident the Hindoos have been much improved by British rule. And it may be that the African tribes may be Christianized and civilized, when brought under political subordination, by the English and other European powers that may take possession of their country. In opposition to this view of the subject, someone may call my attention to the fact that there have been negroes endowed with great mental powers. I admit there are such exceptions, but they are very few. Some may say this is because the race has not had an opportunity to develop its capabilities, from being always regarded as inferior. To this I would say that we have no record that the negro labored under any legal disabilities, among the Egyptians, Greeks or Romans, and large numbers of them resided in those countries. In this country, there have been free negroes, for one hundred and fifty years, with considerable facilities for mental culture, in the Northern cities. In Mohammedan countries, there are no distinctions of race, yet we have never read of a negro becoming a great Turkish soldier, visier or ambassador. No negro has written a poem of any value, or any work showing originality, or made any valuable mechanical invention. The ability they possess consists mostly in memory and imitation. In their ability to grasp moral ideas, I consider them more deficient than in mental power. To give these people equal political privileges with ourselves is, I believe, the greatest political crime that could possibly be committed. But the emancipationist will say, we do not propose to give them political rights, only emancipation from personal bondage. To this I reply, this cannot be done. If emancipation becomes universal, there will be a constitutional amendment giving negroes equal civil-rights. If this were not done, evidently their condition would be worse than at present. They would be the slaves of the community, without the protection of an owner. The whole question of race is the most important one that can now engage the attention of this people.

Chinese are beginning to come over in considerable numbers, and if their immigration is unrestricted, they are sufficiently numerous to soon become a very dangerous element. I hold that all the races of mankind sprang from three primary stocks, the white, yellow and black, and that the different varieties of colored men in the world originated from a mingling of the yellows and blacks with each other, and in some cases with the whites. The purest white people are found in Northern and Western Europe, and in the United States; the yellow race in its purity is represented by the Chinese, and the black by the negroes of Africa. I hold that God, in thus forming these people, did not intend them to amalgamate. They not only differ in physical formation, but in mental calibre. The Chinese have a government and civilization suitable to them, but that would be intolerable to us. The negroes have developed scarcely any civilization at all. Western Europe has been inhabited from remote antiquity by two pure white races, branches of the Aryan family. These have blended in modern times, and have produced a people superior to any other people known in history. We are their descendants, and Providence seems to have opened to us a career more glorious than ever to any other people, and I hold it would be a great sin to admit inferior races to citizenship. Steamships and railroads are making the emigration of all persons easy, and we need stringent legislation to prevent us from being overwhelmed by the immigration of inferior races. In the face of these facts, some are so blind as to desire the freeing of the negroes. I believe in preaching the gospel to every creature, but in restricting the various races to the countries that Providence has assigned for their habitation. The growing sentiment in the North and the aggessive attitude of a strong party, are now very threatening to our institutions. Many anti-slavery men are doubtlessly good men and think they are right, but they are profoundly ignorant of all the characteristics of the negro race. Honest error is frequently more dangerous than dishonesty. In view of these

things, I fear that, for self-preservation, the South will be compelled to sever her connection with the other States."

Here, Judge Buford replied: "Much of what you have said is true, and I can heartily endorse it; but as to disunion, I can foresee no circumstances that would make it safe or desirable. I think the interests of the people of these States are inseperable, and that, for weal or for woe, we are indissolubly united, and that all our battles for principles should be fought in the union and under the broad shield of the constitution."

Mr. Sears replied: "I will not argue this question now, but I foresee that events will soon force it upon our consideration."

There were two attentive listeners to Mr. Sears who entirely agreed with him, Willie Buford and Miss Heath. One might be surprised, in the case of the latter, if he was not cognizant of the fact that Northern people very frequently change their opinions about negro slavery, after even a short residence in the South.

CHAPTER X.

The time was now approaching for Willie's departure for Harvard, and he looked forward to it with pleasure mixed with regret at leaving his family and being so long alone with strangers, as no acquaintance was to accompany him. Miss Heath was to continue in the family another year, and would not visit her mother and sister until Christmas. The Judge conversed much with Willie, and gave him much kind and affectionate advice. He was very proud of his boy, and although a good Christian, had a good deal of human ambition. He looked forward with pleasure to the time when he would be prominent in the councils of the State and Nation realizing that he was possessed of a superior mind. He strove to instill into him principles of strict integrity and chivalrous honor. He told him that young men practiced some vices, under the idea that they were manly, whereas they were really low and mean and tended to degradation. He told him of his high hopes for him, and of his deep mortification

if he should know of his indulging in the least degree in any dissipation, and especially never to use any alcoholic stimulant. If, however, at any time he should be tempted to stray from the paths of rectitude, he told him he must communicate with him by word or letter, and must remember that he had a kind and forgiving father who would aid him by council and sympathy to recover his lost ground.

Mrs. Buford more especially urged upon him attention to his religious duties. She gave him a Bible, and made him promise that he would take time from his other studies to study its contents. She said she would rejoice to see him a learned and great man, but would rather see him a truly pious man with small attainments, than one possessed of the highest learning and talents without religion. In his leave taking, Willie visited Mr. Nelson. Lydia was quite sad at parting from her old classmate. She had kept up with him in all his studies, and her general reading was more extensive than his. Although of the same age, she was nearer maturity than he, and was ambitious to excel in literature and become an author. She told Willie that she was sorry that the same facilities for acquiring the highest culture was not open to women as to men. She said she must content herself with becoming a teacher,—but remarked that she was aware that the methods of teaching had lately so much changed that she could not hope for great success, unless she had some facilities for acquiring special knowledge that she did not have at home. She had heard of Normal schools, in New Jersey, for the preparation of teachers, and had resolved to attend one. Willie approved of the idea, and assured her that he had no doubt but that she would make a grand success.

Mr. Nelson told Willie that he hoped he would always love learning for its own sake, independently of the wealth or reputation it might bring. In his youth he had been ambitious of wealth and fame, and had acquired neither, but he would not now exchange the small amount of learning he possessed for Astor's money, or Hairston's two thousand slaves. Willie told him he

would ever respect and esteem him next to his father and try and never depart from the lessons he had inculcated. During their conversation, little Peter spoke and said, their conversation was too grave for him, and he would rather Willie would say something about the fun he expected to have at college, and the big cities and the sights he would see. He wanted to see the world, and poring over Latin books did not suit him, and he was afraid his pa would never make much of a scholar of him On the leave-taking Mr. Nelson was quite sad at the severing of the ties that had so long bound him to his pupil, and Lydia was left in tears.

The next call was on the Jones family. Tom and his father came out of the tobacco field, where they were worming the tobacco with hands too dirty to touch a clean person but they called for soap and water, as they could not let Willie depart without shaking hands. Tom said it was fine to be a great scholar, but thought he would rather work than be reading books all the time. Willie told him everybody could not be a scholar, but that many men were very successful in life with very limited educations; that he knew Tom could learn fast, when he tried, and he hoped that he would not neglect reading; that almost everything worth knowing was published in English, and a knowledge of Latin and Greek was not necessary to become a successful business man. He asked Tom to write to him, and promised to send him some books that he thought would interest him, and also promised to write to him about some of the strange things he expected to see. Mrs. Jones and the girls also came out, and they all took leave, wishing him all kinds of good luck, for he had endeared himself especially to the poor of the neighborhood by his kind and friendly manners.

He then went to Mrs. Campbell's. Here he met his friend Alfred Williams, who was taking leave of his friends, before leaving for one of the Virginia colleges. Alfred's conversation was principally with Mary, whilst Willie had a long conversation with Lizzie, to whom he revealed more of his hopes and aspirations than

to anyone else. Already the germ of love for this beautiful and sprightly girl was implanted in his bosom,—but Willie was too sensible a boy to show this to her by word or action, knowing that they were both too young for any engagement, and that his parents would be opposed to his having any entanglement with anyone, at this time, and fearing that his father would object to Lizzie, from her want of wealth and social position. So he departed for Harvard with high hopes and a determination to excel in all his studies.

He only took two letters of introduction, one from his father to a professor known personally to him, and one from Miss Heath to a particular friend, living near the University.

He soon became deeply interested in his studies, and a new world of thought was opened to him. He was already well grounded in the grammatical structure of Latin and Greek, but critical lectures on these languages and on the philosophy of language in general were deeply interesting to him, and he was almost equally interested in mathematics, as expounded by the able professor of natural science, of which he was almost entirely ignorant, but his quick and versatile mind soon became interested in this subject, and he made rapid progress. He sought not to make many acquaintances, but his manners were so gentle and his disposition so cheerful that he soon made quite a number, and was a general favorite with those who knew him. Though of a lively disposition, he was not naturally disposed to dissipation, and he was farther guarded against it by his affection for his parents and sisters, who, he knew, would be much grieved by any lapse from the paths of rectitude on his part. A splendid destiny seemed to be opening to this youth, reared by judicious and affectionate parents, who had from his earliest years instilled into him principles of honor and religion, and also possessed of wealth and great natural ability. But who can see into the future?

CHAPTER XI.

It was agreed that Miss Heath should continue her school until the next summer, she proposing to make a short visit in December to her mother and sister, Mrs. Eaton, who since she left them had moved to Boston.

Life at Judge Buford's was very quiet, after Willie's departure, and the void left by his absence was felt by all, even the servants moving about more quietly than heretofore. He did not propose to visit home until the next summer vacation. His letters were frequent, and were welcomed with interest by all. He had entered into a world new to him who had been reared in the country, and before this time had never visited a city. His descriptions of things seen were particularly interesting to his sisters, who, like him, had never travelled. They were delighted, when their father promised them a short visit to some of the cities the next summer before entering the Richmond Female College, where it was intended they should finish their education. James Campbell had become almost as one of the family, and Judge Buford frequently employed him in business not connected with the overseeing of his hands. He and Miss Heath were now frequently thrown into each other's company and soon formed a high opinion of each other. When she left to visit her family, he accompanied her as far as Richmond, being sent by the Judge to attend to the sale of his tobacco. Before taking leave of her he ventured, with much trepidation, to declare his attachment for her. Though not wholly unprepared for this avowal, she was rather taken by surprise, and would not give him an answer until her return. He returned home feeling a good deal of uneasiness which he might have spared himself, if he had been well acquainted with the female character, as women seldom reject a man, when they deliberate. He was also diffident of his ability, from his want of education, to please a highly educated woman. But as we find men of the highest attainments frequently choose

as wives uneducated women, so well educated women frequently become deeply attached to men much inferior to them in mental culture.

In due time she returned and promised to marry him, if he would wait until the next autumn. Her relatives in Boston were delighted to see her, and remarked the great improvement in her appearance. Perfect health, acquired by her residence in one of the healthiest parts of Virginia, and new formed hopes enlivening her countenance, made her appear positively handsome. There are few women who would not prefer the love and protection of an honorable man pleasing in appearance and strong in body and in character to fighting the battle of life alone, however pleasant the surroundings.

Mrs. Eaton was shocked when her sister told her that she had decided to accept an overseer. When she thought of such a person at all, she pictured him as a low, profane, cruel and ignorant fellow, and could not realize it, when told by her sister that he was a perfect gentleman in manners, of fair intelligence, and so young and so much handsomer than herself that she felt ashamed to marry him, lest his superior appearance should excite remark. Indeed she was six months older than him, and she was astonished at gaining his affections. Her mother, who had visited the South with her husband and had not so much of that prejudice which, at this time, so much prevailed among the young of the North, said she had no objection, as her daughter informed her that he was an honorable man and a consistent Christian.

After returning to Judge Buford's and consenting to marry James Campbell, she insisted that they should be married at her sister's, in the presence of her mother, to which he very readily agreed. He was quite a diffident man, and nothing was known of their engagement for several months. She devoted herself assiduously to her school, which was to close the last of June. She had formed many acquaintances and enjoyed the society of the guests of the family, when not engaged with her pupils. Dr.

Stoval was a frequent visitor professionally and socially, and, being a shrewd observer, had some suspicion of her relations with James which he kept to himself, as it is the custom with discreet physicians not to speak of what they see in their visits to families. He only indulged himself occasionally in a little good natured teasing, not going far enough to cause annoyance. When the time came for Miss Heath to leave, the girls were much distressed and exacted a promise from her to visit them, which she very readily gave.

As Willie was coming home to spend the vacation, all the family determined to remain at home all the summer. James Campbell had told of his engagement, to Judge Buford, in strict privacy, so that he might look out for another overseer, as he had determined to do business for himself alone. The Judge, whilst regretting to lose him, approved of his course. During the summer he had erected a neat addition to his mother's cottage. When this became known, his neighbors were pretty sure he intended taking a wife, but were divided in opinion as to who she might be. As he kept his own council, there came to be quite an excitement on the subject, especially among the ladies. Since his engagement he had spent most of his spare time in reading, and was not ashamed, when meeting difficulties, to seek the assistance of his affianced; so that he became a man of very fair general intelligence.

CHAPTER XII.

Willie returned in July, not much changed in appearance, and having the same kind and friendly address to all. His sisters were delighted with all the wonders he had to tell them of; of all the fine and strange things he had seen, and they now anticipated with pleasure the two weeks' trip they were to take with him and their father, before his return to college and their going to Richmond to school. A few days after Willie's return, his cousin, John Preston, came to spend a short time with him. He lived in

one of the extreme Southern counties of what is now West Virginia, where his father was a large landholder and stock-raiser. He was a student of the University of Virginia, and was about two years older than Willie. Although of respectable talents and fair ability, he was inclined to dissipation in his habits, and was very aristocratic in his notions. He was of a very restless disposition, and went every day to make some call, or was out hunting or fishing. He frequently made remarks about Willie's friendly address to poor people. After making a call with Willie at Mrs. Campbell's, he spoke of his condescension in visiting such plain people. Lizzie had not come into the sitting room during his visit, being considered too young to receive the attentions of gentlemen, but John had gotten a good look at her in passing, and remarked to Willie that the opportunity of seeing such a girl would excuse a good deal of condescension. He made some other remarks about Lizzie that angered Willie, who told him that if James Campbell should hear of such language about his sister he would resent it, and that in fact he resented it himself, and would be obliged to him not to make such remarks again. John replied: "O, you are a straight-laced set about here, but I am pleased to know there are some exceptions. When I was the other day at your little store, I wished to have my tickler replenished,—when the proprietor said: 'Young man, are you twenty one years old?' As I was too honorable, if not too religious, to tell a positive lie, he refused positively to sell me any whiskey. Just then, the father of your good friend, Tom Jones, came riding up on an old bony horse, and I took him aside and gave him my tickler and a dollar. He soon returned with the desired article, of which, at my request, he partook liberally, and although he tendered the change, was polite enough to keep it at my request. So you see all are not saints in your neighborhood."

Willie's reply was, "I have read in Webster's spelling-book that strong drink will debase a man. If it has debased Jones, are you not afraid it will debase you?"

John was gentlemanly in address, when he desired to be so and quite intelligent and good looking; so he made a more favorable impression upon the Judge and Mrs. Buford than upon Willie, who had a better opportunity to find out his real disposition. He exacted a promise from them that they would visit his father and mother, whom they had not seen for some years, the next summer.

After John's departure, Judge Buford, accompanied by his daughters and son, visited several of the Northern cities, and went as far as Boston, where Willie remained until the commencement of the lectures at the university. They visited Miss Heath, who was much pleased at seeing them, and contributed greatly to their enjoyment by her knowledge of the beauties and curiosities of the city. On their arrival at the Richmond college, they were met by Lizzie Campbell, who had already arrived. Although it was a strain on the means of the Campbell family, Miss Heath had persuaded James to give Lizzie the best educational advantages the country afforded. She had come to love her very much and had already in mind destined her for Willie Buford, of whom she had a very high opinion, both as to talents and moral worth. She knew there was a leaven of family pride among the best and plainest of wealthy Virginians, and the Buford's were not exempt from it, but she believed they would not object to so lovely and intelligent a girl as Lizzie, if she was highly educated and accomplished.

During the autumn, James Campbell put up a very neat addition to his house. In December, after witnessing the marriage of his sister Mary to Mr. Taylor, a young Baptist minister, he went to Boston for his intended bride. They were quietly married, Willie Buford and Harlow Heath, the bride's brother, from Chicago, standing up with them. On their return, as James wished somewhat to enlarge his farming operations, they stopped in Richmond to purchase two negroes, a girl and a boy. They called at the large establishment of Davis & Crawford, where a large number were constantly kept on hand, and of a variety to

suit all purchasers, who frequently came from even distant Texas and Missouri to purchase a supply of labor needed for these new and fast developing States. The proprietors sold on commission, either privately or at auction, to suit the seller, and boarded the negroes, until an opportunity for selling was offered. They were cleanly dressed and well fed, and had but to play on the banjo and dance, an amusement in which the more piously inclined would not indulge, but spent a good deal of time in singing and prayer. They were very kindly treated, and no severity was used, unless it was necessary to keep good order. On the premises, however, there was a jail in which were confined the unruly, and those whose owners were afraid they would try to make their escape.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were conducted into a large and clean apartment by an elderly colored woman who was elegantly dressed and very dignified and ladylike in manner. She belonged to the proprietors, and superintended the female department. Under her superintendence, the utmost decorum was observed. The negroes were always on the alert, when a prospective purchaser appeared, and eager to get a look at him. When James Campbell strolled into the yard, a dignified old man approached him and said, "Masser, I like your looks, and I wish you would buy us, me and my ole 'oman and our youngest darter; dare ain't no likelier gal dan Susan, and dar is a heap of good work in me an' the old 'oman yit." He stated that he had been foreman for a wealthy gentleman who had died much in debt, and that he and others had to be sold for a division among heirs and to pay debts. The proprietors had been instructed to sell these three together if possible. James told him he only wanted two, and must have a younger man. Poor o'd Jim, weary of waiting for a purchaser, fell back with a sigh. A selection was finally made of a stout boy of eighteen, for eleven hundred dollars, and of a fine sprightly looking girl of the same age, highly recommended by the proprietors and the colored matron, for one thousand. The bill of sale for the girl was given to Mrs. Campbell. Thus the Yankee schoolmistress became a slaveholder, having modified her opinions

of slavery considerably since her sojourn in Virginia. When she and her husband became settled in their home, a new era was inaugurated. A cooking stove was bought, much to the disgust of old Jane, on which the cooking for the white family was done by the lady and her new maid. A Sunday-school was started at the old meeting-house, and the young negroes were catechised during the long winter evenings. The young Mrs. Campbell never learned to weave or spin, thinking the time was past when there was any profit in these domestic manufactures, but the old lady would not give up her old employment, and furnished quite a quantity of jeans for the negroes' clothing and many nice counterpanes in which she took great pride.

As the spring advanced many flowers were planted in the yard and garden. When these had bloomed, and whitewash had been liberally applied to the fences and out-houses, the old place presented a neat and attractive appearance. Both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were very hospitable, and their house a place of frequent resort for young people to engage in singing and other innocent amusements. James Campbell was a thorough theoretical and practical farmer, and endowed with great energy and industry, and under the wise and benignant legislation of the time, State and federal, prospered greatly. His wife soon joined his church, the Baptist, there being at that time no essential difference between that church and hers, the Congregational, except as to the mode of and subjects for baptism. When old Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Eaton paid them a visit, some eighteen months after their marriage, they were in many respects highly pleased, but could not be entirely reconciled to slavery, although their daughter and sister had become a thorough Southern woman in feeling.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Willie came home in the summer of 1858, the family determined to pay their promised visit to the Prestons, in the mountains. Mrs. Buford and the girls went in the family car-

riage, and the Judge and Willie in an open buggy, that they might have a better view of the country.

In the afternoon of the first day they had a splendid view of the Blue Ridge, with the peaks of Otter towering high above the rest of the range. Here much of the land is quite fertile, and they passed many farms in a high state of cultivation, with good buildings on them. Not only was a fine article of tobacco produced, but a large quantity of corn, wheat and grass. About sundown, they came to the well known Buford house at the entrance of Buford's Gap in the Blue Ridge. This house had been kept for forty years by Capt. Buford, a distant relation of the Judge. Here the road forks, one prong leading through the gap to the great West and South, and the other winding up the mountain's side to Charleston on the Kanawha River and Guyandotte on the Ohio, by the way of Fincastle and the White Sulphur Springs. Buford's, before the era of railroads, had been a famous inn. Here stage coaches loaded with passengers on their way to Lynchburg and Richmond and Washington, had stopped to get supper and a few hours' sleep before rising before day to hurry on to their destination; and here large droves of hogs and cattle were stopped to be fed on their way to market, and immense wagons drawn by six mammoth horses were left, for the night, in the wagon yard. But these good old times, so profitable to tavern-keepers, had come to a close, and the iron horse went snorting by.

The house was a large, old-fashioned frame, and there were several other smaller buildings in the yard where drovers and wagoners were wont to spend the night, wrapped in blankets, before a roaring fire, in the winter time.

Old Captain Buford was a thorough gentleman of the old school, of unblemished character, and beloved and respected by all who knew him. He had much State pride, and was a fiery Southerner in sentiment. He had no son, and his daughters were all married, so he and his wife were left alone. He owned a large and valuable farm and had ample means, so he kept tavern from

the force of habit and the love of company. Guests, since the completion of the railroad, which ran near him, had become infrequent, so he met the arriving party with a hearty welcome, and was highly delighted at seeing his relative whom he had not met for several years. He was much pleased with the fine and manly appearance of Willie, and being, like many old men, very fond of young persons, drew him into conversation. When told of his progress at college, he said he expected him to make a great statesman, and do honor to the Buford name and the old State. The old man had been the personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, who, in his long horseback rides, had frequently spent the night with him, and he told many anecdotes of him, being, like other old men, fond of recalling the distant past. The party had an excellent supper and breakfast and slept on comfortable beds with snow-white sheets. Indeed in those days and in the years gone by Virginia was not to be excelled in the excellency of her inns. All compensation, for their entertainment, was positively refused, and Willie was cordially invited to come, if he ever had time, and bring a friend and enjoy some good hunting among the mountains.

In the morning, after passing the highest part of the gap, they entered Roanoke county. They seemed here to be enclosed on all sides by mountains, the Blue Ridge behind them, the Tinker Ridge north and northeast, and a range on the south and southwest running from the Alleghanies to the Blue Ridge. The land of this large valley is very level and fertile. At short intervals they crossed clear and ever running brooks, all verging into the Roanoke River. This river, after breaking through the Blue Ridge, is called the Staunton, and after uniting with the Dan flowing from North Carolina, is again called the Roanoke, and under this name empties into Albemarle Sound. The farm lands were generally good, and on every farm was a large barn for storing hay and grain above, with stalls for cattle below, a kind of structure seldom seen in Eastern Virginia, where tobacco was the main staple.

Everything they saw showed evidences of prosperity. The people here were divided into two distinct classes, who had but little social intercourse, the one being composed of descendants of Scotch-Irish emigrants and persons who had moved mostly from Eastern Virginia who readily affiliated with them, the other of persons of Dutch and German descent, who were generally Lutherans and Dunkards, who owned no slaves. The Dunkards indeed did not allow members of their communion to hold slaves at all, bear arms or go to law. The slave-holding part of the people raised a considerable amount of tobacco, though with them it was not so exclusive a crop as in the East. The Dunkards raised none, but confined themselves to grain, grass, vegetables, honey and sorghum, and fruits. Both classes were good farmers. The Dutch built their houses, very unpretentious structures, on low places near a spring. However cheap a building the house might be, the barn was always a large and costly building. The other farmers frequently lived in large brick houses, always on an elevated place. Here the negro was in his glory, being well clothed, moderately worked, and fed without stint, his labor giving a rich remuneration to his owner, which was not always the case in the East, where it frequently occurred that one had to be sold to furnish means to support the others.

In one day's travel, they traversed this delightful valley, and the next day entered a country rough and diversified. They passed many cabins on steep and rocky hillsides, surrounded by patches of corn and potatoes, on land too steep to be plowed; and again they would come to fertile but narrow valleys, cultivated in corn or grazed by herds of cattle. The negro here was scarcely seen at all. The land was mostly owned by a few wealthy men, who lived in grand baronial style, surrounded by their dependants, who were mostly very poor and ignorant.

When Willie spoke to his father about the poverty of these people and the blank, unintelligent expression of their faces, the Judge replied, "this state of things ought not to be, and can be changed. This mountain country has immense resources, if de-

veloped There are large valuable mineral deposits, and the timber is magnificent, besides the productive powers of these rich valleys have not been half developed. Legislation can do much, by establishing schools, and publishing to the world the resources of this country and inviting immigration, and convincing capitalists that they can find here a profitable investment. It is my ambition for you to serve in the Legislature of your State and promote its interests, hence I am spending a good deal on your education. Do not strive to enter Congress young. The reputation of our greatest statesmen was first acquired in the councils of their own States. There is a great deal of hidden talent among such poor people as you have seen to-day. Barker, one of the finest preachers in our denomination, and George Pearcy, our missionary to China, were born in just such cabins as you see over there. And as an instance of success under difficulties, I may mention William Farmer, the eminent dentist, also reared in a mountain cabin. I mention these things to incite you to excel, who have such great opportunities." Willie replied that he would do his best to accomplish all that his father hoped for him, and he was conscious that his education would do nothing for him if he trusted to it alone and made no farther exertion. "That is true, my son," replied the Judge; "and above all things whatever your acquirements may be, cultivate good common sense."

On the afternoon of the third day after leaving Buford's, they came to Col. Preston's lands. They came first to a large enclosure, where the undergrowth had been cut out, grown up in blue grass equal to that of Kentucky, and passing this, they saw a large field with the crop of oats still in the field in the shock, as though just cut, although it was the middle of August, and a large number of hay stacks on an elevation near the bottom on which it was grown. Some of the mountain sides were inclosed and furnished considerable pasture. On the pastures were grazing large herds of cattle and mules in numbers astonishing to Willie, who had never visited a grazing country. They ap-

proached the dwelling by entering a wooded inclosure through a large wide gate.

The house stood more than a quarter of a mile from the road, and was approached by a Macadamized road through a forest having the undergrowth cut out, and being well set in blue grass. The yard was mostly shaded by natural forest trees with a few varieties of foreign spruce and pine. The blue grass was everywhere luxuriant in growth. The front yard was handsomely ornamented with flowers and running vines. The house was an old-fashioned brick two stories high, containing eight large rooms, besides two low rooms in the rear. There were large porches in the front and rear. As in Eastern Virginia, the kitchen and servants' rooms were at some distance from the residence. In the distance could be seen a very large barn for grain and hay in the upper story, with stalls for horses and cattle in the lower. Col. Preston and lady were at home and expecting their visitors whom they welcomed with old-fashioned hospitality and affection.

Their family consisted of John and two daughters, younger than he, two older daughters being married and settled at their own homes. Col. Preston was at this time about sixty years old. He was once a very handsome man, but indulgence in wine and at the table had left its marks upon him. In his case, gout, a rare American disease, was added to rheumatism so common in these mountains. He was of a kindly disposition and had a fair collegiate education and good natural abilities; but in youth, proposing no high aims, and being possessed of wealth, he had merely drifted. However, he was a fair manager of his estate and never gambled. Mrs. Preston, five years his junior, was still a fine looking, healthy woman. Like the Buford family generally, she possessed a strong character. In politics she was a Democrat and Southern rights woman, in religion a high church Episcopalian. The minister who officiated in the little church near derived one half of his support from her. She was intensely aristocratic, yet very kind to the poor. She was devoted to her only son, very proud of him, and blind to his many faults. Her

young daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, were handsome and amiable, but had neither their mother's strong character nor pride.

John, now at home, had finished his academic course and was taking a rest before commencing the study of law. He had graduated in all the schools of the University of Virginia except in mathematics, shrinking from the hard study necessary to master this science in its higher branches, thus failing to take the degree of A.M., much to his mother's mortification. He was, however, a fine linguist and well read in English literature, and was a ready and forcible speaker. His temper was quick, his moral principles unfixed, and he already had acquired a taste for alcoholic drinks. Col. Preston was inclined to be neutral in religion and politics. However, to relieve the tedium of Sundays, he generally attended church, and in politics his sympathies were with the South, though fearing agitation that might lead to revolution. He owned but few slaves, only a sufficient number for domestic servants, his fields being cultivated and his cattle herded by white men. Many people around held to him almost the same relation that feudal tenants formerly held to the barons in Europe, and almost daily a number of rough men in their shirt sleeves, with long rifles on their shoulders, might be seen around his outhouses and stables. These men always voted with him, and were ready to join with him in any feud he might have with his neighbors. In after years when war came, men in Col. Preston's position, in these mountains, were almost universally followed by their tenants, whichever side they might espouse.

There was a watering place in the neighborhood, fitted up for the accommodation of a few guests. Here a few families from the South resorted in summer for a quiet resting place. These formed the acquaintance of the family, so the young people did not want for company.

Judge Buford said he and his wife had come out here for rest, and spent his time reading and taking quiet horseback rides with Col. Preston. They had both been Whigs, when that party had an existence, and agreed very well in politics, and in their rides

would discuss politics in a quiet manner. The subject, however, was seldom mentioned in Mrs. Preston's presence, as she would not agree at all with them. John and Willie had some very good sport, ten miles away, hunting deer, accompanied by some of the rough mountaineers. They camped out at night in a small tent they carried with them. They carried no provisions but bread and coffee, trusting to their guns for meat. Willie had the luck, much to his delight, of bringing down a fine buck. There was also some good fishing in the clear mountain streams. Willie was quite expert as a fisherman in the waters of the Staunton, but could not compete with John in angling for trout found in these clear cold streams, but not in the rivers of the low country. An incident occurred during this visit showing John's ungovernable temper and Willie's coolness. They were riding together, where two young men, a negro and a white man, were driving and trying to separate some cattle from the bulk of the herd. Whilst the negro was riding rapidly he wheeled his horse suddenly and ran against a snag. This inflicted a severe cut in the side of his horse, which was a very fine animal. On this, John rushed upon him and lashed him with his riding whip. On the young white man remarking that the accident was unavoidable and that Dick was not to blame, John turned upon him, saying, "what have you to do with it, you poor,——[using an opprobrious epithet, at the same time raising his whip as if to strike.] The hand of the man went into his bosom instantly, when Willie pushed his horse between them, saying. "hold, John, you are too hasty; my friend, let's stop this thing—forgive and forget." John lowered his whip, saying, "I was so aggravated. That horse is, I believe, injured for life." Willie prevailed on him to offer an apology to both, in case of Dick, adding a quarter of a dollar which seemed much to soothe his wounded feelings.

CHAPTER XIV.

Their visit being over, all returned home. Willie, though much pleased with his visit, saw no reason for preferring the mountain country to Eastern Virginia. He preferred the state of society in his own section. The social distinctions were more marked than in the Piedmont section. Wealthy families frequently resided many miles from those with whom they mingled socially. Whilst there were many intelligent and educated people, there was a large class illiterate, degraded and superstitious, and this in a greater degree than in any class east of the mountains. After spending a few days at home, Willie took his departure for Harvard, and his sisters, accompanied by Lizzie Campbell, for Richmond, he accompanying them to that place.

He had advanced rapidly in learning and had made a reputation for ability with his classmates. He was devoted to his studies, and went but little into society, only occasionally visiting a few friends in Boston. He made many friends among the students from all sections of the country. Among these students politics was frequently discussed, and life long opinions formed. Willie's Southern principles were not overcome by his Northern associations. He found many persons very prejudiced and uninformed about the condition of the Southern States, and his indignation was frequently aroused by the remarks he had to listen to. Being of a domestic disposition, he always went home during the summer vacations.

The year 1859 was an era of great prosperity in the South. The great majority of farmers were busily engaged in improving their farms and bettering their fortunes, unconscious of the great catastrophe so soon to come upon them. Only a few were sufficiently discerning to see the cloud that was approaching. Among these few was Judge Buford, who was prudently investing his surplus means in the newer Northern States. The state of society in the country in Virginia was in a condition we shall

probably never see again. Men of moderate and large fortunes had no home but their plantations and farms. They had no city residences, and all their interests were with their neighbors. They lived in an independent and dignified style, having all the necessities if but few of the elegancies of life. They were leisurely and systematic in their habits, and had not the frantic haste to be rich, characteristic of more recent times. A planter worth fifty thousand dollars had a higher social position than a millionaire of to-day. If the planters had some of the faults of patricians, they also had the virtues. They could not retain the respect of their neighbors, if any stain of meanness or of cowardice was attached to them. Want of courage in a man, or of virtue in a woman, was looked upon as an unpardonable offense. In any warfare between capital and labor the wealthy slaveholder was the natural ally of the laborer, all his income coming directly from the labor of his slaves, and when slavery was abolished, the poor man of the North and of the South lost his only powerful friend, and was left to struggle unaided by wealth, in any quarter, against the combined capital of the whole country.

Willie, on his return, visited his old acquaintances. He found Miss Nelson, who had just returned from her school in New Jersey at home. She was now a highly accomplished lady, with an education equalled for thoroughness by that of but few persons in the State. She had procured a situation in a large public school in a city of Indiana, at a good salary, and would go to attend to her duties in September. Mr. Nelson was delighted with the progress and prospects of his old pupil and confidently predicted that he would make a great man.

Tom Jones had improved greatly. He was making fine crops and had repaired the old house, put up nice new fences and changed the looks of things around for the better. Judge Buford observed his course with pleasure and had determined that in a few years he would give him business in the management of his plantation. An elderly man, Mr. Trigg, was now overseer. During Willie's stay at home, Mr. Trigg was laid up with

an attack of fever, and the hands were under the control of the negro foreman. One day as Willie was riding through the fields he discovered quite a commotion among the hands. On riding up he found Sam in open rebellion, positively refusing to obey orders. On his interfering and insisting on obedience to the foreman, Sam, who was much excited, said. "Mars Willie, you ain't de oberseer and ain't got nothing to do with me; you better go along and mind your own business." On his replying, "I will show you what I have to do with it," Sam rejoined, "go away, you might get hurt." On this, Willie leaped from his horse. He was six feet two inches in height, and although apparently slender, weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. Though a close student, he had not neglected the gymnasium and was an expert boxer and very active. Sam was of that Herculean build so common in the negro race. Though not so tall as Willie by four inches, he weighed over two hundred pounds, without having an ounce of superfluous flesh. His strength was almost incredible, and since his eighteenth year, he had never met his match in strength. As Willie advanced, Sam threw himself on the defensive, thinking that he could easily seize and hold him without hurting him. But Willie so skillfully planted a blow under his chin as to fell him to the earth, and every time he attempted to rise, repeated with so good an effect that Sam gave it up.

Sam, before this time, had rebelled and been conquered, but only by force of weapons and of numbers. Never before had he met a man that dared to stand up before him in fair fight, and he respected Willie accordingly. He being now humbled, Willie listened to an account of the difficulty, made Sam agree to submit, and told the foreman not to tell his father anything about it, as he disliked very much to be annoyed by such things.

Willie was a frequent visitor of the Campbell's. Their home was made pleasant by intelligence, industry and refinement. On his first call, Mrs. Campbell proudly exhibited for his inspection little William Buford, a fine chubby fellow of six months old.

He now told Lizzie of his love for her, and she told him that she supposed she had always loved him, as she could not remember when she had begun to do so. It was agreed that they would be married as soon as he could procure license to practice law, an event which they could not foresee would be long postponed by coming events. In the meantime they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the present with bright dreams for the future. She was so intelligent, so beautiful and so amiable that he thought that no man could be happier than he. And he was so noble in appearance, so talented and so brave, he was to her a king among men.

No one would desire to see a dark and angry cloud on a beautiful day of sunshine, and none would desire that these two, happy in the present, should hear the mutterings of that tempest, already heard by some in the distance, destined to overwhelm them. Judge Buford, observing Willie's frequent visits to the Campbell's, suspected the purport, and being an ambitious man, desired his son to make a brilliant and wealthy marriage. After hesitating for some time, from that strange timidity some parents feel in addressing their children on this subject, he at last led him into a conversation about it, telling him that he was too young as yet to form an engagement, and that after the completion of his studies he would have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with ladies of wealthy and distinguished families.

Willie replied, "Father, I will be candid with you. I have always obeyed you, but in relation to marriage, I will be my own judge. You are a Baptist and have always taught me that, in matters of religion, no human authority should interpose between a man and his Maker. I believe it is just so in relation to marriage. I love Lizzie Campbell and expect to marry her, and would request you as a gentleman not to let anyone know that you do not entirely approve of it. She is so proud that, although she loves me, she might refuse me, if my family objects."

Judge Buford knew the firmness of his son and gave the desired promise. He had no idea of outraging the feelings of his

son, and would not oppose him in anything he might desire, unless a question of principle was involved. Although valueing wealth and distinction, he preferred to them his son's affection. Good Mrs. Buford had no objections to the gentle Lizzie.

His vacation being nearly ended, Willie departed for Harvard, accompanying his sister and Lizzie to Richmond. This was to be the last collegiate year for him and them. He bade his betrothed a tender farewell, each promising an uninterrupted correspondence.

CHAPTER XV.

The summer of 1860, so eventful in history, had now come, and Willie had graduated with great distinction. On his return home he was accompanied by a particular friend, about a year his senior, Marion Lamont, of South Carolina, who had graduated with him. Lamont was descended from an ancestor who had left France to avoid the persecutions of Louis XIV. He was very wealthy; the only son of his mother, who was a widow. He was barely of the middle height and quite spare in form, but firmly knit and symmetrical in shape. His head was finely formed and of moderate size, his eyes blue and his complexion remarkably fair. Casually observed, his appearance was rather effeminate, but in spite of this he was emphatically, physically and intellectually a man. He had that perfection of manner possessed by so many gentlemen of the extreme Southern States, easy, unaffected and pleasant, in which they stand unrivaled, except, perhaps, by the educated class in Massachusetts. Though retiring he had rare conversational powers for so young a man. His abilities were of a high order, and he was the soul of honor.

Letitia, the elder Miss Buford, had grown up to be an exceedingly beautiful woman. Though only seventeen, she seemed already a mature woman. She was very tall and her form full and well rounded. Her hair and eyes were dark, but her complexion was very fair. Her expression, though intelligent, had

all the sweetness and gentleness of childhood. The influences surrounding her from her earliest years had been pure and religious; and though she possessed a mind of superior order and highly cultivated, she was as ignorant as a child of the evil that was in the world. But with all this gentleness and simplicity, she had a very firm and unyielding disposition, and a purpose once formed by her was very hard to be changed.

No sooner had Lemont seen her than his fate was sealed. He became immediately deeply in love. She was not so susceptible, but in a few weeks she yielded to the fascination of his manners and the brilliancy and earnestness of his conversation. This was pleasing to Willie, who esteemed no one more highly than Lamont, who was so honorable that he soon spoke to Judge Buford on the subject. He gave him references of the highest character as to his standing morally and socially, and as to the extent of his property, which was large, and which was his own, as his father was not living. To his surprise, the Judge received his proposal quite coolly, urging the extreme youth of his daughter and the precarious condition of National affairs as reasons why he would not consent to their early union. Willie was grieved at this, as he saw no reason why they should not be married in a short time, as Lamont did not intend following a profession, his wealth being sufficient to justify him in this course.

Letitia, who had become very much in love, if urged, would have left father and mother for him. She told him she was irrevocably his, and would go with him whenever he came for her. Lamont was too honorable to take advantage of her feelings. In about a month, he took his leave, promising frequent letters and exacting the promise of an answer to all of them. He also promised that he would go to see her, at her new residence, as soon as practicable,—a promise very long in being fulfilled, caused by events over which he had no control.

Judge Buford had determined to move to Chicago, the next winter, and Willie to attend the law school of the University of Virginia, in the autumn, his father entertaining a high opinion

of the legal abilities of Judge Minor, the law professor.

During the summer, the people were intensely excited about the pending Presidential election. Willie, though too young to vote, was deeply interested and formed his own opinions. The John Brown raid had made a deep impression on the public mind, and there was a strong feeling against Northern aggression caused not by the atrocious attempt of a fanatic, but by the openly expressed sympathy of many occupying high public office or conducting influential newspapers. It was now generally believed that the election of a President on a sectional issue would cause a dissolution of the Union. Unfortunately those opposed to such a result were divided into three parties.

The three old friends, Judge Buford, Dr. Stoval and Mr. Nelson were divided as to their choice for President. Mr. Nelson was for Breckenridge and Lane, affirming that the Southern States and all lovers of constitutional liberty everywhere should contend for full and equal rights in States and Territories, and neither Congress nor a territorial Legislature had a right to discriminate against property in slaves more than against property of any other kind. He asserted that the States were equal, and and that the Territories, the common property of all, could not be rightfully conceded to one section; that our Union was a constitution Union, and that every State was the rightful judge of its own internal policy, and that Congress had no right to interfere except to protect all in their constitutional rights. Dr. Stoval, for reasons satisfactory to himself, was for Douglass and Johnson. He said Douglass was the regular Democratic nominee, voted for by two-thirds of all the delegates present, that he was a good man and true to the constitution, and had not changed his principles, which were the same he held in 1856, when he was very popular in the South. He also asserted that Douglass, if elected, would sign and enforce any constitutional law for the protection of slave property as well as for any other property. He felt certain that Breckenridge could not possibly be elected, being the nominee of a faction of the Democratic party, and he thought it

very dangerous to reject so good a man as Douglass merely because some of the party did not agree with him on an abstraction. For his part, he would vote for Mr. Breckenridge, if he were the regular nominee, although he agreed with Mr. Douglass in his opinions, knowing how dangerous it was to divide a party in critical times like the present. Judge Buford said that, although a Whig, he would have supported the Democratic nominee, had there been no division in the party, but now he believed it would be impossible to elect either Douglass or Breckenridge, and that there was no chance of defeating Lincoln by any of the candidates opposed to him. The only chance was that the election should be thrown into the house of Congress. He considered the whole question about the Territories an abstraction, as he did not believe that another Territory would ever apply for admission into the Union with a constitution permitting slavery. None of our Territories were suited for the profitable employment of slaves, either from products or climate, besides the preponderance of emigration to all of them was sure to be opposed. The platform on which Bell and Everett were nominated, if carried out in good faith, as he believed it would be by them if elected, was sufficient for him. Although thus divided, the personal relations of these old friends was not interrupted.

After the election of Lincoln the excitement became more intense, and was increased when it was ascertained that South Carolina had seceded. The people of Virginia were unwilling to secede, but insisted on having new guarantees that none of the rights of the States should be infringed upon, and were unalterably opposed to the coercion of a State, by the general government. Such had been their sentiments from the formation of the constitution of the United States, and the writer has known old men who ceased to support General Jackson, when he issued his proclamation, when South Carolina nullified the tariff laws, and never voted the Democratic ticket afterward, but lived to denounce the unconstitutional proclamations of Lincoln, at the beginning of and during the progress of the civil war. If in 1831,

the difficulties with South Carolina had not been peaceably settled, and the United States had have sent troops into that State, Virginia would have resisted.

Judge Buford, before leaving the State, gave James Campbell a power of attorney to act for him and manage and dispose of all his property in Virginia. It was determined that the plantation should be carried on as it had always been The Judge would not sell any of his negroes, remarking that if they were freed, he had as well sustain the loss as any one else. Mr. Campbell was to move into the family residence, and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, into his house.

Lamont came to see his affianced on Christmas, and Judge Buford consented for him to marry her the next winter, if the condition of the country would permit. The young people were forced to submit to this decision. Lamont remained with the family until their departure in January, when he returned home to be among the first to take up arms in defense of his State.

The Virginia Legislature now passed an act for the calling of a convention for considering her federal relations, to meet in February. To this body James Campbell was elected, as a Union man, over a very popular young lawyer who was for immediate secession, Dr. Stoval voting for him, and Mr. Nelson, though a warm, personal friend, for his opponent. The inaugural address of Mr. Lincoln was very unfavorably received in Virginia, and her State pride was deeply wounded by the reception met with, from the authorities at Washington, by delegates sent by her with propositions for adjusting national difficulties.

Border State conventions failed to secure any concessions from the Republicans who would agree to no terms of compromise proposed. The people were becoming convinced that they could not retain their constitutional rights in the Union. After Mr. Lincoln made his call for troops to act against the seceded States, the convention, on the 17th of April, passed an ordinance of secession by a large majority [among them James Campbell] subject to ratification or ejection by the popular vote. The Leg-

islature did not wait for this vote which was to be taken in May, but immediately formed an alliance with the Confederate States. As early as the 22d of April, Governor Letcher was in correspondence with President Davis as to concerted action for common defense. The majority for secession was overwhelming, with little dissent, except in the northwestern part of the State. Here there were but few slaves, and the population much resembled the people of Pennsylvania near them in habits, occupations and political opinions, and where long before secession was thought of, a party had been formed for a division of the State. These people had long been dissatisfied with their ratio of representation in the Legislature, as slaves were counted as persons, in adjusting the number of representatives sent by the counties, and they desired a change of the State constitution in this respect. Governor Letcher, who resided in the valley country, thought these people had just cause for complaint. Hence, when after the war had commenced, the project was formed of erecting a new State, the idea was already familiar to the people. The vote on the question of secession had barely time to be taken, when the armies of Patterson and McClellan were poured into the northwestern part of the State.

CHAPTER XVI.

When it became evident that the State would secede, and volunteers had been called for to defend the State, Willie Buford left the University and hastened to his county. He found the people united in the purpose of defending the State, and none to approve the course of President Lincoln. Governor Letcher had been among them encouraging them in their efforts at defense, and the indefatigable ex-Governor, Henry A. Wise, had stopped and made them a speech on his way to the Northwest.

Lizzie tearfully surrendered him to what she believed to be the cause of his country, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had been forced to admit that no alternative was left but ignoble submis-

sion to wrong or secession. Willie was fully aware of the fearful odds against the South, in case of war, and was not of that foolish class of people who boasted that one Southern man was equal in fight to three Yankees, but he was young and sanguine and was willing to fight any odds rather than tamely surrender what he believed to be the rights of his State and section. His father had tried to convince him that there was nothing to be gained by secession and a dissolution of the Union, that circumstances so bound the States together that a permanent separation was impracticable, and even if against all probability, the independence of the seceded States should be secured, slavery would cease to exist, and that in the Union was the proper place to contend for right. He was of as firm will as his farther, and determined to share the fortunes of his native State.

In the war now about to commence, the seceding States had a militia of 1,450,000, and the adhering States 5,500,000. It is true, the secessionists were largely aided by men from Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, but this aid was counterbalanced by the disaffection in West Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and other States. They had but few manufactures, no navy, no money, and no credit. The history of the world scarcely presents an example of so well contested a conflict under such disadvantages. The presence of the negroes among them was a source of weakness and not of strength, and in the closing periods of the war, they were of considerable advantage to the Unionists as soldiers.

Willie set himself to work in raising a fine company of cavalry in his county, every man furnishing his own horse. He succeeded in enlisting for one year a fine company of young men with very superior horses. In order to take Tom Jones along, he made him a present of a fine young horse. He was unanimously elected Captain, and his friend, Alfred Williams, First Lieutenant, and John Stoval, Second Lieutenant. Young Peter Nelson was in the ranks. Being nearly all men of intelligence and education, they learned the drill rapidly. It was a proud day

for Lizzie when she saw them drill, in their little village, preparing to depart with their fine new uniforms, every man sitting his horse as a practiced rider. She had never seen so fine looking a man as Willie, as he rode in front, with his bright sabre drawn, on the largest and finest horse in the company. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked on with pride, but with sadness, as they thought how soon that fine young form might be laid in the dust marred by ghastly wounds.

On their departure the company went rapidly north to join General Garnett who had been sent with a small army to try to rouse the people of the Northwestern Counties to the defense of the State against McClellan. But, alas! the people were apathetic or sympathized with the enemy, and he received but few accessions to his force. Captain Buford's company and a company of cavalry from Greenbrier County, in what is now West Virginia, with about five hunddred infantry constituted the command of General Porterfield on the Upper Potomac. These troops were attacked, on the 2nd of June, by a large detachment of McClellan's army and fell back to Laurel Hill, where they were joined by Garnett, who left a strong detachment under Colonel Pegram, on Rich Mountain. All these troops had been sent by Governor Letcher with a special intent of defending the people and forming a nucleus around which they might rally. But they did not rally, and instead of aiding the State troops furnished guides showing the safest way for attacking Pegram's strong position.

On the 11th of July the men under Garnett perceived a horseman riding towards them at great speed. On his arrival, they perceived that his neck and bosom were covered with blood. He was a messenger from Colonel Pegram telling that he was attacked by an overwhelming force and asking for aid. Many shots had been fired at this man while running the gauntlet of the enemy's line, only one taking effect, cutting the skin of the back of the neck. This was Waddy S. Bacon, a Virginian, aid to Colonel Pegram. He was a soldier of fortune, a remarkable man. He served in the Mexican war when a youth, then went to Cali-

fornia, where he made and lost a fortune. He then joined Walker's Nicaragua expedition and was one of the officers condemned to be shot by the English, but released at the last moment. He survived the four years' service in the war in which he was now engaged, being desperately wounded in one of the last battles near Petersburg. After the war he again tried his fortune in the mines of the far West was unsuccessful, and returned to Virginia to marry the woman to whom he had been long engaged. He is now a peaceful farmer, a member of the Methodist Church.

Pegram was driven from his position and most of his men captured, and Garnett was attacked next day and killed whilst attempting to rally his men. Nearly all his infantry were captured or killed and the Greenbrier cavalry were scattered in every direction. Buford had drilled his men almost to perfection and held them well together. When he saw that all was lost and they were surrounded by the enemy, his command was, "men, keep in close column and follow me, charge." Sitting firmly on his powerful horse and wielding his sabre with stalwart arm he bore down all opposition and broke through the enemy's lines, losing only one of his gallant band. Such early disaster seemed calculated to dampen the ardor of these fiery young men, but their leader was a man of undaunted and firm character. He spoke cheerfully and encouragingly to them and inspired them with hopes of better success on a larger field. He stopped not his retreat until he reached General Johnston's camp at Winchester, whence he was sent on by him with a few more cavalry to join General Beauregard at Manassas. The infantry were conveyed to that point by rail.

On reaching his destination, he was placed under the command of Captain Lay, who was commanding a squadron of horse, and took part in that great battle. This little body bore itself with great gallantry and efficiency, whenever there was an opportunity for cavalry to act, and Buford's name was mentioned with honor in the report of his commander.

At a late hour of the day of the battle, a small number of the

enemy were observed to be unbroken. Captain Lay was commanded to charge them. On this they commenced breaking, but one officer, a captain, stood his ground. Buford, who was in advance of all the command, rode up and compelled him to surrender. This officer, looking up as he surrendered his sword, exclaimed, "Buford, as I live." He was immediately recognized by Buford, who replied, "Heath, you was the last man of my acquaintance I was expecting to meet" A loose horse was secured and Heath placed upon it, his word of honor being pledged not to try to escape. Permission was given by the commanding officer to release him from restraint, on parol, Buford vouching for him.

On the night after the battle, Buford hearing that Lamont was badly wounded, went to the building where he lay, accompanied by Heath and Dr. Stoval, who had hastened to the scene of action where his son was engaged. Here they found Lamont desperately, and, it was thought fatally, wounded, and about twenty other young men more or less badly.

Young Captain Davis, a nephew of the President, had just expired. They had been here but a short time, when no less a person than President Davis arrived. He was much affected at the death of his nephew, and tears were seen to roll down his furrowed cheeks. On his turning to speak words of cheer and comfort to the wounded, Lamont replied that it was sweet to die in such a cause. But he did not die. The old doctor was a man of consummate skill, and told them that with careful nursing he would pull through. It was arranged that Buford should give him all the time he could spare, and Heath agreed to stay with him all the time, as long as it might be necessary.

There was great rejoicing at the victory, and many thought the war would soon close. Many volunteer companies went home, among them Buford, but he accepted the position of captain in the regular Confederate forces, and Tom Jones, who would not leave him, joined the army as corporal. In about a month Buford, accompanied by Heath and Lamont, who was as yet very feeble, paid a visit to the old Buford homestead. Mrs. Campbell

was much affected on seeing her brother, and exclaimed, "O, brother, how could you join in trying to subjugate and ruin us?"

Heath replied, "Sister, dear, that was farthest from my thoughts. I came to do you good, believing that your State would submit early and I thought my presence might be of service to my friends. However, I have been cured of my delusion and must make the most of my situation. I have come to the conclusion that there will be a long war, and that I am better suited to the law than fighting, and if I get away will not return again in hostile array." He kept his word, and on being exchanged returned home, taking letters of introduction to Judge Buford, with whose family he soon became intimate. Dropping soldiering, he rose to eminence in his profession and to prominence as a Democratic politician. He carried a letter from Lamont to Letitia assuring her of the steadfastness of his affection for her and faith in her fidelity to him

The intercourse of Willie and Lizzie was of mingled pleasure and pain. His life was so bound up in her that he could but contemplate their parting with grief. She loved him as her life, and was very poor, but would not have detained him at her side if she could. Before the departure of this company, John Preston, who had been present in the battle in Col. Carson's Washington County regiment, paid them a short visit. He still displayed that reckless character that had characterised him when a boy. He was exultant over the great victory, affirming that they would whip out the Yankees in a short time. He did not gain the esteem of either Lamont or Heath, who were thorough gentlemen, and who, notwithstanding they had been opposed in battle, soon became fast friends. Although a discerning person might easily perceive the attachment of Willie and Lizzie, and doubtless Preston was aware of it, he paid Lizzie very marked attention which was coldly received by her. This caused a resentment on his part which he long cherished, being of a disposition not to soon forget any wound to his vanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the battle of Manassas, the two opposing armies lay inactive for many months. This was very trying to Buford. He had soon formed the acquaintance of Gen. Early, an old friend of his father, and received a captain's commission in the Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiment, a part of his brigade. Gen. Early, like Judge Buford, had been a strong union man, and in the convention of which he was a member, was one of the minority voting against the ordinance of secession, but when his State was attacked, was one of the first to take up arms in her defense. Being assigned to the defense of the valley, he was only engaged during the summer in some unimportant skirmishes.

In March, 1862, Buford paid a visit to his old home. That part of Virginia was free from the tread of armies and remained so almost to the last. Everything was going on in the old way, though people were beginning to be pinched for want of money; and sugar and coffee were getting to be very scarce. A large area had been sown in wheat, and preparation was going on for a large corn and sorghum crop. The old disused looms and spinning wheels were repaired, and the women were busy making cloth. The people were hopeful and prepared to make great sacrifices. James Campbell had not joined the army as a soldier, but was employed by the Government in the commissary department of his section and was frequently absent from home, so that the two, Mrs. Campbell and Lizzie, were often left with no white man for a protector but the overseer whose residence was more than half a mile distant. But they were women with brave hearts, and the two younger ladies had learned to shoot with gun and pistol.

Early in April Captain Buford received a peremptory summons to join his command. He instantly obeyed, and his brigade was sent to the peninsula and placed in D. H. Hill's division. Here, his regiment, in conjunction with the Fifth North Carolina,

made one of the most daring charges in the history of the war. Gen. Early had been so badly wounded that he had to leave the field. Near Williamsburg some works had been thrown up by Gen. Magruder, and were called Fort Magruder. The enemy now occupied a position near these works, which had been abandoned by the Confederates. They had a strong battery of artillery. The two regiments spoken of under the command of Col. McCrae, of North Carolina, attacked them and drove them, although twice their number, to the shelter of their works, and would have captured them if they had been reinforced instead of being recalled. In their retrograde movement about a hundred of them, including Buford's friend, Lieut. Alfred Williams, were taken prisoners. In speaking of this affair to Dr. Cullen, left in charge of the Confederate wounded, Gen. Hancock said, these two regiments deserve to have the word immortal inscribed on their banners. Buford was highly commended for his gallantry by his commander, and from this time began to be well known in the armies of the Confederacy. He was engaged continuously in the retrograde move until a stand was finally made before Richmond. After the dreadful seven days fight, in which his division, brigade and regiment all took a conspicuous part, he was promoted to the rank of Major. But hardship, exposure and the miasma of the swamps were too much for even his strong constitution, and he became dangerously ill. After many days of unconsciousness, after a long sleep, he recovered the use of his faculties, and, much to his surprise, saw Lydia Nelson sitting near engaged in sewing. He said nothing, being puzzled as to where he was, and did not realize his situation until he saw Tom Jones come in dressed in Confederate uniform. This faithful friend had obtained permission to nurse him. On his addressing him in a rational manner, Tom was much rejoiced. He exclaimed, "why Willie, I believe you will come out of this all right." Tom was punctiliously correct when on duty, but when off addressed his superior as familiarly as when they were boys.

Miss Nelson, when the war broke out, was employed as a

teacher in a public school in Indiana at a good salary; but then, believing it be her duty to aid her own people, she left to become a hospital nurse. In his delirium Buford frequently called upon Lizzie, and Miss Nelson relinquished all hope of gaining his affection. Her hand had been sought by a young merchant of Indiana, and she had been partly influenced in rejecting him by a lingering affection for Willie Buford, and partly because Mr. Edwards was not in sympathy with the action of her State, she being thoroughly in sympathy with the political opinions of her father. She had nursed her patient with the tenderest care, and was greatly rejoiced, when, on the arrival of the doctor, she was assured that the crisis was passed, and that, without an accident, he would soon be well. Malarial diseases yield more readily to proper medicine than any other maladies of so grave a character, and in the young and vigorous, frequently leave no trace behind. So Buford was convalescent in a few days and went home on a furlough, accompanied by Tom.

On the train there were but were but few passengers, so they could converse uninterruptedly. Buford observed, "do you know, Tom, that although we have gained a great victory, I begin to fear that we will ultimately fail. I begin to see signs of exhaustion on our part, and the battle of Shiloh and the opening of the Mississippi River to the gunboats of the enemy has laid bare a great deal of our territory. I sometimes think I was wrong in urging you and others to embark in the cause of the Confederacy, as I had a better opportunity to know the great power and resources of the North." Tom replied, "I shall never blame you, whatever may happen. I do not know much of politics and history and all that, but I believe our cause is just, and intend to fight the Yankees as long as I can tote a gun." "Well," he replied, "we are embarked together on this voyage and must stick to the ship to the end."

On their arrival at home, they found the people much elated over the repulse of the enemy at Richmond and disposed to lionize them both. Tom received invitations to visit at houses where

he had never been, as it was generally known that he had conducted himself with great bravery, and had obtained the position of sergeant, and Major Buford was regarded as the pride of the County. They were beginning to be pinched in their living, but had as yet suffered no real privations. James Campbell got home only a few days before them, as he bore arms for a short time on the south side of James River, but had been engaged in no general battle. Tom's father had reformed, been restored to the church, and was hard at work. Mrs. Campbell and Lizzie were very hopeful and rejoiced at Willie's brilliant career. Mrs, Campbell was a thorough Southern woman in feeling and contributed all in her power to the success of her cause. She exercised a great influence over her husband, who had greatly improved himself by reading and was now one of the leading men of his section.

When it was ascertained that Major Buford was recovered, he received a commission to raise a troop of cavalry, as the army was in great need of that arm to repel numerous raids that were now being made. He succeeded in raising and mounting three hundred men. Tom was permitted to exchange into his command. It was learned that John Preston was a captain under Mosby, and Lamont was a prisoner. Buford received a letter from his father, which had been sent to Mr. Campbell. In it was no word of reproach for his action, but an exhortation to conduct himself as an honorable man in the path he had chosen. He had prospered in business beyond his expectation. He also wrote that Letitia was now gone to visit Lamont, in prison, accompanied by Heath.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Pope had now taken command of Federal army in Northern Virginia and conducted it in a manner far different from McClellan. The last named General did not interfere with private property and did not interrupt private citizens who were living

peaceably. Pope, on the other hand, inaugurated a reign of terror wherever he went. He supplied his army by pillage, arrested and shot peaceable men on the slightest pretext, and destroyed their property. He issued an order similar to the one issued by Burbridge in Kentucky, copied from the Turkish custom. By this order, all persons not of approved loyalty to the United States Government, living within five miles of the place where any outrage was committed on a Union man, were held responsible and were compelled to make restitution or be punished by military law. This order, so atrocious in its character, could not be enforced in Kentucky, as that State adhered to the Union, and the order had the abhorence of all parties, and has made the name of Burbridge detestable in his State to this day. Burbridge and Pope are considered to have been tyrants and despots. If their acts are censurable, as cruel and opposed to the usages of modern war, they should not bear the blame alone.

There was a man behind them and above them responsible for their acts. Abraham Lincoln is considered by many of the American people as almost a God; and many persons differing, widely from him politically are disposed to look on him as a great and good man. He was successful, and was murdered whilst speaking many kind words about a conquered people. But we should not be carried away by sentiment; we should estimate his character by his acts, as we estimate the character of Bonaparte or Cromwell. He was Commander-in-chief of the armies, and knew daily of the acts of Pope and Burbridge. He was clothed with absolute power, and with a stroke of the pen could have stopped their atrocious proceedings, yet history records no word of censure, from him, of their acts. Pope enforced his orders in full, wherever he was able, and sent out bodies of horse in every direction. Buford was sent to encounter these, and performed many brilliant exploits. He rescued many homes from pillage, frequently coming upon the enemy in their acts of depradation. As Jackson hastened to meet Pope, the marauders were driven in before him.

The name of Valley of Virginia is given to that section lying between the Blue Ridge and the main Alleghany range north of the James River. It is watered by the Potomac and its tributaries. In it are low grounds and level stretches of land as rich as any in the world. Before the war it was a very prosperous country. Its agricultural products were mostly grain and hay; and stock raising was carried on to a considerable extent. The people differed widely in manners, customs and speech from those of Southern Virginia. It was orignally settled by Protestant Irish, mostly Presbyterians, and by Dutch and Germans, generally Dunkards and Lutherans. They were generally good and prosperous farmers, intent on improving their lands and increasing the fertility of their soil. It is said that here the first red clover was sown in America. Many of the country people were very ignorant, but there were country gentlemen highly educated and the towns of Lexington, Staunton and Winchester were noted for their intelligence and refinement. There were comparatively few slaves in this section. There was a large Union element among the people; but after the act of secession, they were generally loyal to the State. There being here so much grain and cattle, it was very important for the Confederates to hold this country. The Southern soldiers here, at this time, fared well, the people being willing to divide their substance with them. Although they had been greatly harrassed, yet they had not been overtaken by that sweeping desolation that afterwards befell them.

One evening, Buford's command encountered a considerable body of cavalry on the farm of a Mr. McCue, who were loading their wagons with corn, hay and bacon. They charged upon them, scattering them in every direction and taking their wagons and a few prisoners. After their pickets were placed, the men took shelter in a large barn, and Buford and some of his officers accepted an invitation to spend the evening with the family. The old gentleman had three sons with Jackson, in whom he had the most unbounded confidence, and was very hopeful as to the suc-

cess of the Southern cause. His two young daughters chatted gaily and sang and played on the piano, so that an observer unacquainted with the circumstances surrounding them, looking on this peaceful scene, would not suppose that they were living in the midst of a tragedy, and standing, as it were, on the verge of a precipice. As the officers left, one of them remarked, "I think I hear the distant tramp of horses, and should not wonder if the enemy reinforces and attacks us before day." When all is still, the sound made by cavalry on the march can be heard by the attentive ear at a great distances. Buford placed his ear near the ground, and after a few minutes replied, "You are right, and we must prepare to receive them, but I do not think they will attack before delight. We must let the men sleep awhile, and we must keep watch until it is time to awaken them." Accordingly they went around to all the pickets and gave them warning to be very careful. Before day, the men were quietly aroused, the horses saddled and bridled, and all the men were placed in position in the barn, and in places protected by the sheds near it. On the first dawn of day, the pickets discharged their guns and ran in, and they were soon followed by full three hundred cavalrymen in full charge, who fully expected to surprise their enemy, but instead of this, were met by a destructive fire from a hidden foe. Seeing the situation at a glance, the commander issued an order to retreat. Buford would not permit a pursuit, not knowing the strength of the enemy. Although very daring, he was a very prudent commander. The dead and wounded were left to the care of Mr. McCue and his laborers

Buford's command was employed the balance of the year in the valley and the southwestern parts of the State in repelling raids and annoying the enemy. It accompanied Lee, under the command of Stuart, into Pennsylvania, and was present at the battle of Gettysburg. After Lee's retreat, it was sent into Southwestern Virginia, where it was successful, in company with Mosby's command, in repelling the raids of Toland and Averill.

In the autumn of 1863, the cause of the Confederacy began

to be very gloomy, and there was great despondency in Virginia, but the spirit of the people was not broken, and they were unshaken in their resolve of defense to the last.

On a pleasant October afternoon of this year, in the yard of the Libby prison, there were sitting conversing, three persons, Doctor Jones, the head surgeon of the prison, Miss Lydia Nelson, a visiting nurse, and Captain Edwards, of Indiana, a prisoner. The captain was pale and haggard, showing traces of recent illness and marks of mental suffering on his countenance. He was quite bitter in his remarks against his government for refusing to exchange prisoners. Miss Nelson had been a particular friend of his during her stay in Indiana, and had come to visit him in prison.

The doctor remarked, "Captain, from the expression of your opinion on this subject and on the conduct of the war, I marvel that you ever joined the Union army in an attack on us."

The captain replied, "However much I dislike the Republican party and the conduct of the war, I think that if I were still free, I would continue in the army until all opposition to the government should cease. But I despair of gaining my freedom until the end of the war, and God only knows when that will be, and for this I blame my government. You asked me why I joined the army; I will tell you. I deemed the continued union of all the States as vital, necessary to the very existence of our government, and that all other questions were subordinate to this. If we were once to allow one or any number of States to secede, it would be the end of the United States. Human nature is such that, if this was allowed, other States would soon find cause for dissatisfaction and secession, and this continent would soon be occupied by a multitude of weak and warring powers, and general anarchy would ensue. I do not hold that the government has the right to destroy a State or to interfere with its autonomy, but I do hold that it has the right to compel it to fulfill its Federal obligations. The Union was made to be perpetual, and only one government has been acknowledged by foreign

powers, since the formation of the present constitution. We would be derelict to our duty if we were to be the first to acknowledge a separate power in what was once a part of ourselves. The old Confederacy was styled a perpetual union, and the design of our present constitution was to form a more perfect union, hence it is evident that the design of its framers was that the union should be indisolluble. It is true that, if the Southern States and people had been greatly aggrieved and were fighting for liberty, I would not have opposed them, believing, as I do, that the liberty of a people is paramount to every other consideration. But you may say, some of the Northern States broke their obligations to the constitution in preventing the rendition of fugitive slaves. True, but the Federal government had proved itself equal to the occasion, in promptly passing the fugitive slave law, thus compelling the States to fulfill their constitutional obligations I much lament the election of Lincoln, but this was not a sufficient cause for secession, as it was caused by a division among the States rights men, and the Republicans were a minority in Congress before the withdrawal of the Southern members, who, by their action, put it out of the power of their friends in the North to help them As to the territorial question, this was virtually settled years ago, as there was no Territory left where it was possible to introduce slavery. Look at the map and see."

The doctor replied, "Much of what you have said is true, and I was opposed to secession, at the time it was effected, as a matter of policy; but I still think it was an unrighteous thing in your government to wage war upon us. But the wicked often succeed in this world, and I now think there is no hope of our gaining our independence. I think you will soon regain your liberty, by the ending of the war, and I hope there are many men in the North, like you, who will so use their influence that we be not entirely ruined. My views are very peculiar, as I have regarded our political situation as a philosopher and not as a politician. I hold that there was sufficient cause for a separation of the States, if the seceding States had been sufficiently powerful

to make it probable that they could achieve their independence. I was always of opinion that if war should result from our attempt at separation, the South would be surely subjugated. I believe that wars are hardly ever justifiable. Desiring a separation our members should have remained in Congress and labored for years, if necessary, to obtain a peaceful separation. The reason why I always thought that we could not succeed by war was that the odds against us, nearly four to one, was too great. Again, the negro population amongst us is an element of weakness, and not of strength. There are very few instances in history of a part of a country desiring a separation being able to maintain itself without foreign aid. Our ancestors would have been surely subjugated by Great Britian, if they had not been aided by France and Spain. There is very little probability of the Southern States obtaining foreign aid, as we have not the sympathies of any European nation, all of them being opposed to slavery. In this I think they are wrong, believing as I do that the proper position of the African, when he lives in large numbers among white people, is one of subordination. But other people do not think so, and we cannot afford to brave the prejudices of the world. In addition to these advantages possessed by your section over ours, the prestige of being the older government and thus enabled to borrow money largely, with the possession of a navy, which we have not, and all the large manufactories, gives you such a preponderance that our cause is hopeless. When all is over you will praise your statesmen as very wise, in triumphing over our folly, and your generals as very able, and your soldiers as very brave, in triumphing over our weakness. You will probably not emulate the good taste of the Romans who allowed no man to triumph over victories won in a civil war. I will now give you some reasons why a separation, if attainable, would be desirable, and why the war, on your part, is an unrighteous one. I do not believe that a peaceful separation would have been attended with those direful results some persons imagine. Belgium and Holland, two small contiguous countries, were united under

one government, a liberal one for Europe. They were so situated that their interests seemed identical. But the two people differed in manners, customs and religion. They separated peaceably, and since then both have prospered, more so probably than if they had remained in an unwilling union. Is it not probable that, if we had separated peaceably, both sections would have prospered? What can be gained by war to compensate for the million of lives lost, of the young and brave, the miseries of the prison, the desolation of homes, the bringing of poverty to hundreds of thousands and the increase of vice and crime, the consequence of all wars. Although the people of both sections were ardently attached to the union, from habit and tradition, the attachment was to the name, or, I may say, abstraction, and not to each other. I may truthfully say that the people of the two sections disliked each other more than they disliked any foreign people. In manners, customs and modes of thought they differed widely. The largest Christian sects had divided. A united South, aided by a Northern minority, had hitherto been able to measurably protect Southern interests. This gave great offense to the Northern majority, and they averred that the government was run by the dictation of a pro-slavery oligarchy, when the Southern people only demanded their constitutional rights. It does not matter whether their demands were in the abstract right or not, they were certainly constitutional, written in the bond that united the States. What you have said as to the danger of permitting a State to withdraw at will is doubtless true, but the case is different, when we consider that the States wishing to withdraw are numerous, occupy a large extent of territory, and differ widely from you in political opinions. To coerce a people so situated is opposed to American ideas derived from our revolutionary fathers. As to the right of secession, can any sane man conversant with our history believe that the constitution of the United States would have ever been adopted by even nine States, if that instrument had expressly denied the right of a State to secede? If, before its adoption, Virginians had been assured and

had believed that any attempt on her part to withdraw from a union she had voluntarily entered would be speedily followed by a devastating war upon her, not one of her citizens would have voted to enter the Union. Indeed Virginia and New York, in their act of acceptance, expressly retained this right. That the war against us is unrighteous I hold, because no war is justifiable for a nation, except in defense of its safety or honor, neither of which was threatened by us. The war was commenced before the secession of Virginia, ever proverbial for her honor, who would neither have attacked you nor permitted an attack through her territory without due notice. She had submitted the question of union or secession to a vote of her people. That this vote was fairly taken is beyond question. Before the result was announced or even completed, your armies were poured into her territory; you have attacked a people who wished to live on friendly terms with you; you have killed our people who resisted you, burned our dwellings, ravaged our fields and openly violated your own constitution. If we were wrong in seceding, the acts of your government since that event, go far towards justifying our course. Calling us revolutionists, you are revolutionists yourselves; witness the erection of West Virginia into a State without shadow of constitutional authority. Your President, from the day of his inauguration, has assumed dictational powers, commencing a war and disregarding the writ of *habeas corpus* without the authority of Congress."

The captain replied, "You do not mean to say that the President should have sat still and permitted secession to be consummated and possibly Washington taken before Congress could come together?"

The doctor replied, "Scarcely any circumstances can justify a public official in violating his oath of office. In this case there was no danger of the Confederates invading the adhering States, and the President's illegal acts hastened, if they did not cause, as I believe they did, the secession of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas. Mr. Lincoln, though personally an

amiable and honest man, and though he succeeded in crushing us, can never go down in history as a great and incorruptible man like Washington, Hambden and many worthies of England and America, because he has not taken the constitution of his country for his guide and has sactioned outrages rarely paralleled in civilized war. For many of his acts he has only the tyrant's plea, supposed necessity. He more resembles Cæsar, Bonaparte, Cromwell, and I may say, Danton and Robespierre, the one remarkable for his kindness of heart, the other for incorruptible integrity, yet under the influence of fanaticism committing deeds that filled the world with horror. I think it highly probable that Lincoln will be considered by the next generation one of the greatest and best of men, inasmuch as his policy will be successful,—but such will not be the verdict of posterity. He is personally amiable, and is professed of great mental capacity; but under the false idea that the end justifies the means, he has disregarded his oath of office, and violated the constitution. He does not pause to inquire whether or not the ends proposed, the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the union, are worth the price of their attainment, the slaughter and ruin of millions and the overthrow of the constitution of his country. For these reason I class him with fanatics. If Lincoln receive the veneration of the American people, it does not follow that he is entitled to it, when we remember that Cæsar was worshipped as a God by the Romans, and Bonaparte was long the idol of the French "

"Well, doctor, I, at least, will never be able to make war on you again," replied the captain, "but I still think we had the plea of defending the existence of our government and the national honor, but I must confess that if I had been a citizen of Virginia I would probably have acted as you have done. We are all the creatures of circumstances, and, however we may boast of our judgment, we are greatly influenced by the opinions of those with whom we come in contact. I feel no bitterness against the Southern people, and hope to see the war soon ended with the least possible injury to them. From what I read of the progress

of events I believe it is now decided that we shall have no separation, and I think both sides should divest themselves of passion and try to have as kindly feelings as possible to each other, and, when the war is over, co-operate for the good of the whole country." On this the doctor gave him his hand and the conversation closed.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the autumn of 1863, John Preston accompanied a portion of Mosby's command, in which he was a captain, in a raid into West Virginia. He had become dissipated, and, having no money but the Confederate notes he was debarred from indulgences that had become second nature to him. Believing that West Virginia, in which lay all his father's property, was hopelessly lost to the State and the Confederacy, he was meditating desertion of his cause. As they approached his father's residence they came upon a scene of desolation. Fences were down, and the cattle that were left were wandering at will with none to guard them. He found that all the young men were absent in one or the other of the armies, or were bushwhacking, and only a few old men left to till the soil with the help of the women.

His father's mansion was occupied by an old couple left in charge. From them he ascertained that the family had moved to Abingdon, his father having obtained a considerable amount of money from a mortgage on his lands. Discipline was now becoming loose in the Confederate armies, and Preston readily obtained a permit to visit his family only about fifty miles distant. Abingdon is the oldest town in Southwestern Virginia, and is pleasantly situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, some in sight being among the highest in the Apalachian chain. It is near the Tennessee line and at no great distance from North Carolina, West Virginia and Kentucky. From the summit of some of the highest peaks portions of all these States are at the same time visible. Much of the land of Washington, the county in

which the town is situated, is fertile and high priced. Here many families from the cotton States used to spend their summers, the climate being pleasant and healthful Many of the residents were persons of wealth and leisure, belonging to families of distinction, Johnstons, Floyds, Triggs and Prestons, who were themselves related to many noted people in the Carolinas, Eastern Virginia and Kentucky. The society was intelligent and refined, the people paying great attention to the education of their children, there being near Emory and Henry Colleges for males, and the Martha Washington Female College, also in the town schools of high grade

The people were nearly all loyal to the State. The negroes, though few as compared with the numbers in Eastern Virginia, were more numerous than in any other county west of the Alleghanies. This place as yet had been nearly exempt from the incursions of the enemy, and was not suffering as many other parts of the State. There was plenty of grain and hay and an abundance of cattle. The people had the wool from their own sheep, and cotton could yet be procured so there was no want of clothing, as the women wove the cloth at home. Sorghum and the sugar maple supplied them with sweetening. No coffee could be obtained, except at enormous cost, which was a great deprivation, mountaineers everywhere being inveterate coffee drinkers. Many of these people were yet sanguine in the hope of gaining their independence, and Preston was welcomed with open arms.

His mother and sisters were delighted to see him, and proud of his career as a soldier, which, so far as the public knew, was honorable, his vices being only known to officers near him. His father was morose and dissatisfied, abusing all parties, Davis, Lincoln, and especially the government of West Virginia. He remained in the town about two weeks in a round of gaiety and festivity, for people will dance and amuse themselves, however gloomy the prospect before them. Before his departure he took all the money he could persuade his mother to give him. He procured a suit of citizens clothes, and coming to a dense forest

deposited his Confederate uniform in a hollow tree and turned his face to the North. After traveling many days, mostly through forests and in rough mountain paths, and frequently having to swim rivers, and spend his nights in the huts of the mountaineers, he arrived at Wheeling and offered his services to the authorities. He was gladly received, as many prominent people knew of his father and his large possessions, and was tendered the commission of captain to raise a company of partisan rangers. In this he was successful, soon having under his command more than a hundred men West Virginians, Pennsylvanians and Kentuckians. We shall meet with him again before the end of this story.

CHAPTER XX.

At the close of the campaigns of 1863, it seemed that the Confederacy could survive but a few months, but the events of the spring and early summer of 1864 gave some hopes to its friends. Never had her soldiers fought more bravely nor contended so successfully against overwhelming odds. In Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi the enemy had been driven back, and the Confederates had assumed the aggressive in Arkansas, and even in Missouri, and Lee was making the most splendid defensive campaign known in history. But the heroism of an army fighting absolutely without pay and in dire need of food and clothing could not long resist four times their number, abundantly supplied with every necessity. Yet these successes gave hopes to the otherwise despondent, and some who had despaired of independence had some hopes of McClellan's election to the Presidency, and hoped that by prolonging the contest, until he should take his seat, more favorable terms could be obtained for the South than could be hoped for from the administration in power.

At this time many counties of Virginia, in the Southern Piedmont region, had escaped the presence of an enemy, among them the county in which Judge Buford had resided. James

Campbell and his countymen had not suffered for the necessaries of life. He had continued to raise large crops on Judge Buford's lands, a large portion going annually to feed the army. He and his wife led as peaceful a life as though there had been no war. He had occasionally been in active service, when called on in an emergency, but had been mostly employed by the State as an agent in collecting supplies for the army, and was seldom long from home. His wife was busy with her domestic life, the care of her children and her Sunday-school, and was more contented and happy than it would seem possible under the circumstances. Lizzie made her home with them. She saw but little company. Her reading and music were great sources of pleasure to her, and the news constantly received from the army of course giving a coloring most favorable to the Confederacy, gave sufficient excitement and topics for conversation to relieve the dullness of her sequestered life. She was hopeful of the success of the Southern cause. Her anxiety about Willie was mingled with pride at his brilliant career.

When Hunter, Crook and Averill made their incursions going as far as Lynchburg, this family was nearer to hostile forces than they had ever been before. The negroes, who, up to this time, had been very quiet, heard of their approach, and began to be much excited. About the time of the repulse of the these commanders, one morning, Sam was missing, and with him a very fine young horse belonging to Major Buford, intended by him for his own use in the cavalry. He had gone to join the Yankees. After riding all night, about nine o'clock in the morning, he came into the main road leading from Lynchburg to Tennessee, and in a short time encountered a body of about fifty horsemen whom he recognized as belonging to the Federal army from their uniforms. Riding up to them, he seemed much astonished at seeing their leader, exclaiming, "Dis you, Mars John? what you doin' wid de Yankees?"

This officer replied, 'who in the h—— are you, and what are you doing riding that fine animal?"

Sam replied, "Lor' don't you know Sam, dat you used to see at your uncle, Judge Buford's?"

"O, yes," he replied, "I know you now, but what are you doing here?"

"I has come to jine de Yankees and git my freedom; I heard dey was gwine to set all de niggers free," said Sam.

"And so we are," said Preston, for it was he, "but you get down and give me that horse. Here, Smith, take my horse and give this nigger yours, he is about the poorest hack we have. Now, Sam," he added, "mount and we will carry you to the land of freedom. By the way, have you seen anything lately of my good cousin Willie?"

"No sah," said Sam, "he aint been 'bout here for some time, and I don't want to see him, and I spec you so too, he is mighty fightin' man, and alwas gits de best of it."

Preston, who was familiar with all this country, on the repulse of Averill to whose command he had been attached, had straggled away, and now contemplated a profitable little raid on his own account. He knew that the Southern Piedmont region and Western North Carolina had not suffered from invasion and contained a great deal of valuable property that could be easily carried away. Besides he calculated to receive a large ransom from persons to keep him from burning their houses. Much of this section lay west and south of and at a considerable distance from any railroad. He thought he might safely raid those sections by traveling rapidly through the counties of Patrick, Henry and Franklin, and from thence go into North Carolina. From thence he supposed it would be easy to escape into East Tennessee, as he could procure guides through the mountain passes from among the inhabitants, many of whom were staunch union men. He stopped at Buford's tavern and pressed in a bountiful dinner for his men and food for his horses. He was recognized by the old man, and was berated by him in no measured terms for his course of conduct, and was told that it was a matter of grief and shame to him that any one connected to him by ties of

blood should so act. On being asked by some of the party, if he had seen any of the rebel soldiers lately, the old gentleman replied, "do you think I would tell you if I had? I would be shot in my tracks before I would give you any information."

They had been gone but a few hours and some of his neighbors, standing in front of his gate with Captain Buford, saw in the northwest, a body of cavalry slowly winding their way down the mountain. On his attention being called to them, he remarked, "The Lord deliver us from any more Yankees." On a nearer approach they were recognized as Confederates, and when the head of the column arrived, Captain Buford, on meeting their leader, exclaimed, "as I live, it is Willie. I never was so glad to see a man in my life. Why that rascally cousin of yours, John Preston, with his company, has just left. I think he is making a raid on his old friends, and, as he has one of your father's negroes with him, I think he intends visiting your house."

On this, Major Buford was very anxious to pursue, but the old man said, "Not yet. You and your men and horses are tired. The rascals have nearly cleaned me out, but I will hustle around and get you something to eat."

The Major saw the necessity for this and curbed his impatience, while his men and his horses were taking some rest and refreshment. After resting more than an hour, he sent out two scouts on the swiftest horses he had, who were to reconnoiter and be very careful not to be seen by the enemy. His force consisted of about one hundred and fifty men.

On the morning after the events related above, Preston with his company, arrived at the Buford homestead, much to the surprise of its occupants. The white persons were James Campbell and wife and mother, and his two sisters, Lizzie and Mrs. Taylor, the husband of the latter being absent as chaplain in the army. Mr. Campbell was put under guard, and the soldiers proceeded to plunder the house. They found but little money, but quite a quantity of silver plate, which they proceeded to appropriate to their own use. They also took everything valuable that could

be carried away, and exchanged their wearied horses for the best they could find on the place. They found in the cellar a supply of brandy and wine, and many soon became intoxicated Some became insulting to the ladies, and Preston still resenting the cool treatment he had received from Lizzie years before, asked her where her hero and protector, Major Buford, was. He said he had no doubt been killed or taken prisoner, and she had better go with him for consolation. Sam, under the influence of drink and emboldened by the language of his commander, was very impudent, and told the ladies he was now as good as Mars Willie, as he still called him from habit. He went so far as to put his hand on Lizzie without rebuke from the Captain, when a tall Kentuckian, a sergeant, grasped him by the throat and threw him back. Sam, on this, made at him with his fists, when he drew a long keen knife, and would have soon made an end of him if others had not interfered.

Preston now ordered the arrest of the Kentuckian, when the Lieutenant, a Pennsylvanian, a cool, quiet and daring man, came forward and said, "Come, Cap, this has gone far enough; our men are a pretty hard set, but won't stand to see ladies insulted by negroes."

He remarked to Sam, "you are now free, but if you don't behave we will hang you to a limb."

After a while they became quiet and assembled in the yard to depart with their booty, but a sudden tramping of horses was heard, and they found themselves surrounded by a body of cavalry. Buford, from his knowledge of the place, had been able to approach very near to the house, without his presence being detected. A single shot was fired, by whom none seemed to know, and John Preston fell dead, shot through the brain. It was afterwards ascertained that the shot was fired by the young man whom we have before met, as one of his father's employees, and whom he had maltreated and insulted on more than one occasion. Sam, on trying to sneak away, was recognized and brought back by Tom Jones. All were rejoiced to see Major Buford and

his men. Lizzie, though a woman of courage, and firmness, was almost prostrated by the trials she had undergone, and fell fainting into Buford's arms. He now came to the resolution of uniting his destiny with hers, if she was willing, thinking that he could thus better protect her from the dangers that were thickening around them. On his mentioning it to her, she agreed to be entirely guided by his judgment. When inquiry was made about the doings of the prisoners, and Sam's conduct was known, a detail of men was sent to hang him immediately. As he was led off, with the indifference to life characteristic of the negro, he said, "Go on with your hanging, boys, it ain't worth while to say anything to the Captain; when he makes up his mind to do anything he is sure to do it. I has been free two days anyhow."

The next day the body of John Preston was deposited in the old graveyard of his maternal ancestors. The neighbors, for miles around, assembled on the occasion, and were addressed in a feeling manner by old Mr. Creath, now bent by age and sorrow, having recently lost a fine promising grandson in the army. He remained all night, and early in the morning united Willie and Lizzie in marriage. It was determined to parole all the prisoners but the lieutenants and the orderly sergeant, the Confederate prisons containing more prisoners than could be fed. When addressing the prisoners, he told them if justice was done they would all be hanged, and he would do it, were it not from fear of retaliation on Southern prisoners. "And now," he went on, "if I parole you, you will soon be back fighting us again."

The Kentuckian we have mention, replied, "You need have no fear of me, I am tired of this war. I have a good mother and nice sisters at home, and have no use for men that hurt or insult women. My mother told me to go and fight for the Union and the Constitution, and she is no doubt proud of her soldier boy, not knowing what I have come to. At first I fought for what I thought was right, but that was long ago. Ever since I joined that man there lying dead, we have been after nothing but plunder, and I have seen so much that if I thought you would have

any chance for success, I would join your troop, if you would take me. As it is, if I am paroled I will go home and stay there." All the rest promised faithfully to keep the parole.

The command, under Captain Johnson, was sent north to join Early in what proved to be the last campaign in defense of the valley. The prisoners, with the exception of the three officers mentioned, were to be conducted to the nearest railroad depot, and sent to the point in the route nearest the enemy's lines. It was determined by Buford to place Lizzie in Richmond, under the care of a widowed cousin of his mother. Tom Jones and another soldier were selected as a guard for the prisoners to the prison in Richmond. The old family carriage was brought out, and they started to Danville, from thence to take the cars to Richmond. Nothing since the commencement of the war had so tended to depress the feelings of the Campbell family as the events of the last few days. The favorite of them all had left them, and it was uncertain when they would see her again. Buford was loved by them all, and they realized that his life was in continual danger. The wedding was a very different affair from that pictured to herself years ago by Mrs. James Campbell, when she hoped to see her beloved Lizzie led to the altar by a talented young lawyer, surrounded by all the elegancies that wealth could supply. They now began to anticipate all the horrors that could befall a conquered people, and with sadness and tears they returned to the daily routine of their duties.

Lizzie was very kindly received by Mrs. Morton, who, in her isolation, her daughters being married and her only son in the army, was much cheered by the presence of a young companion. Although much depressed by recent events, the people of Richmond still made efforts to keep up a cheerful society. Although Lizzie had spent several years at school in Richmond, she had no acquaintances there, and was much pleased at receiving an occasional call from Miss Nelson who was continuing with unabated zeal her attentions to hospitals, and was much respected, being received into the highest circles of society, when her duties would

permit her to visit. Mrs. Davis, who had heard of the brilliant reputation of young Buford, now raised to the rank of Colonel, but without the men to constitute a regiment, called on his wife and gave her a pressing invitation to visit the executive mansion. Lizzie, not realizing the hopelessness of the cause in which her husband was engaged, enjoyed herself in the charming society of Richmond. Being well educated and well read she rapidly acquired the polish of refined society, and became one of the most admired of the ladies of the city. Her husband paid her occasional visits, and although his good sense told him that there was little hope for his cause, would not sadden her by telling her so. She was proud of hearing him spoken of in terms of the highest praise by every one.

Buford accompanied Early in his last campaign for the defense of the valley. This campaign was characterized by brilliant success in the beginning, to end in irretrievable disaster. This was inevitable, from the vast concentration of fresh forces to oppose his small force, which, although elated by victory, could not withstand the vastly superior forces led by an able, daring and wary general. In this campaign Buford and his small command rode in sight of Washington, on the left bank of the Potomac. His little command was one of the last to leave the valley, after Early's terrible defeat 19th of October, and witnessed much of the devastation of that unfortunate section, a devastation and willful destruction of property seldom equalled in modern times, for which impartial history will show that Lincoln and Grant as well as Sheridan, were responsible, and from the opprobrium of which posterity will not clear them, until it justifies the destruction of the Palitinate by Louis XIV, for which his memory is still execrated by the German people.

CHAPTER XXI.

Towards the close of October, Dr. Jones and the prisoner, Captain Edwards, who had become fast friends, were conversing in the yard of the Libby prison.

"Well Doctor," said the Captain, "I learn that some of the prisoners, myself among them, are to be moved to another prison. Can you tell me the reason ?"

"To be plain with you, Captain," said the Doctor, "we cannot feed you all here. You know you have little enough here now, and your friends have so cut off communication from the few places from which we obtain supplies that we cannot give you that little any longer. Your General is the least chivalrous of men, as he knows that a word from him would release you all. He would rather you would all starve and die of disease in prison than return an equal number of our men, who might be organized into an army to fight him. He goes on the principle of the unskillful player of checkers, who has the larger number of men given him by his more skillful opponent; he knows that he gains by an uneven swap. This may be wise policy, but is against the usage of modern war. It is a tacit acknowledgment of our superiority."

The Captain replied: "Such treatment is hard to bear, but I will not be a censurer of my government, at least not until I get out of prison. But Doctor, it may be that I may never see you again: tell me what you really think of the state of affairs now."

The Doctor answered, "I think overtures for surrender should be made immediately after the Presidential election, whatever be the result of that election. It matters not for what we are contending, when it becomes manifest we cannot obtain it, it is folly to contend farther. We are now just in that situation. If McClellan is elected, and I have no idea he will be, the difficulty will be settled on conservative principles, and the South will not be utterly ruined. In no event can its independence be established or the institution of slavery continued. If McClellan is elected, abolition will take place gradually and without shock to society, but if Lincoln is re-elected, as I believe he will be, such is the obstinacy of Mr. Davis and the Congress that there will be no surrender until our armies are annihilated and our fields are still farther devasted and many of our cities burned, and the ne-

groes turned loose in mass. Had the amiable Mr. Lincoln, before going into office, been told that such things would happen during his administration, his reply would have been similar to that of the amiable Lord Hazael to the prophet. You see I take a gloomy view of the near future. But such is the energy of our people that, I believe Phœnix like, they will arise and probably enter upon a new era of prosperity and finally outstrip the North in material development, as we excel that section in variety of resources, great as they are. When the war ceases, the despotism established in the North will end, and free government be restored. But we will all be standing on dangerous ground. You have destroyed the old constitution, and conservatism has received a great shock. The Northern people are restless and visionary, and when slavery is out of the way, the strife between capital and labor will commence and no man can foresee where it will end. In the ruin of the slave-holding planter the laborer has lost his only wealthy friend, the planter, though a capitalist, being identified in interest with the laborer. The present system of holding property will not be attacked by the poor and illiterate alone, but by writers of the greatest ability. I have read a remarkable article, by Prof. Joseph R. Buchanan, in *Herald of Youth* published in Cincinnati, in 1847, on the nationalization of land. The writer advocates the abolishing of private ownership of land by a gradually increased taxation, so that this tax would finally become so high the owner could no longer hold it. This writer also advocated the gradual emancipation of the slaves His reasons for advocating the abolition of the private ownership of land, in some respects, were the same as for abolishing the ownership of slaves. All must admit that all titles to slaves are defective, inasmuch as if we trace them back, we will finally come to some one who had no right to the ancestor of the slave conveyed; so if we trace back land titles to their origin we find they were given by those who had no just title to them themselves. Well, we will see what will be the result if we live. But I am much mistaken if conservatism does not receive such a

shock in the abolition of slavery that a radical change, in the tenure of all property, will be brought about, probably not without another bloody revolution." Here the conversation ended. The Captain, in a few days, was conveyed to Andersonville, where he remained until released by the events of the war.

Such were the views of Doctor Jones, and we, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century must come to the conclusion that the government of the United States was wrong in waging war against the seceded States. These States, free and independent and so acknowledged by Great Britain, had entered into a union for mutual benefit; and when, in their judgment, the union had become detrimental to their interests, it was their right to devise means to secure their interests, and the fact that they were not wise in the means they used did not justify the other States in waging a cruel and relentless war against them. We must not do evil that good may come of it. We can never be so sure that any end we may contemplate will be so beneficial, if attained, as to justify wrong means to attain it. The end aimed at by the United States was the continued union of the States and the abolition of slavery. Who knew then, who knows now, that these things were not purchased at too high a price, when to attain them it was necessary to conquer a good and noble people, to sacrifice more than a million of lives, and to bring untold suffering upon millions more? In addition to these things, a precedent was set for the uncompensated confiscation of property. It is now the fashion to glorify the prominent actors in the war, in both civil and military capacities, showing less good taste than the old Romans exhibited who never allowed a triumph for any success gained in civil strife. The just and candid man, whether or not he believes it was right to hold the African in slavery, if he understands the condition of the slave before the war and the sentiments of the Southern people, will come to the conclusion that sudden abolition forced by outsiders was a great evil. The Southern people were Christian and humane.

The condition of the slave was all the time improving, and

would have been ameliorated more rapidly, if it had not been for outside interference. Without this interference, whether the Southern States had remained in the union or not, emancipation would have taken place, and the relations of the races would have been more satisfactorily adjusted than can be now done. Why write these views now? Simply to record what the writer believes to be true, and to cause some young man, who, from reading the popular histories, is filled with admiration for some prominent actor in the great drama, to pause and reflect, whether or not this man has been actuated by right principles.

CHAPTER XXII.

The spring of 1865 had come and the sun of the Confederacy was setting in clouds and darkness. It is wonderful with what tenacity the people of Virginia hung on to the lost cause. Although at this time half of her territory was held by hostile forces, and the inhabitants of the other were suffering for the necessaries of life, and entirely isolated from trade with the rest of the world, they would not give up hope. Men are so blinded by their wishes and their passions that many of the most intelligent thought the South still had some prospect of success, among them was President Davis. As an illustration, a Confederate Congressman from Arkansas, a very intelligent man, informed the writer that he was hopeful of success until Lee evacuated Richmond, when the hopelessness of the situation was first revealed to his view.

Lee had evacuated Richmond and Petersburg and was making a forlorn effort to join Johnston. Whilst he was at Farmville, his small cavalry force on the north of the Apomatox, with their accustomed gallantry, had repelled the enemy. Here, on the 6th of April, Buford was riding at the head of his troop reduced to about one hundred and fifty men. In spite of toil and privation he was in perfect health, and as he rode along his line, it could be seen that his magnificent physique was unimpaired.

His uniform, though faded, was in tolerable good repair, and his horse, though lean, in good condition.

On the march he beckoned to Tom Jones to join him. When Tom joined the army, he was small and boyish looking, now in spite of his rags and bare feet, he looked every inch the soldier. His form had broadened, and although below the medium height, he was a man of great muscular power, and so good was his constitution that hunger, cold and toil had not impaired it. His light, sandy colored hair and beard were long, and his naturally fair complexion had been changed by sun and wind to an almost solid red. His clear, blue eye was undimmed, and in spite of defeat, he bore himself as a man. On his approach, Buford remarked, "Tom, it is all over with us, and I want to talk to you some. I almost blame myself, who was so much better informed than you, for influencing you to join the army, where you have suffered so much and spent so much of your young manhood in a hopeless struggle."

Tom replied, "Do not blame yourself, Willie, I should have joined without your solicitation, and I have never for a moment regretted my course. I believe now I am fighting in a just cause, and I am not one of those that believes that right is always successful in this world, but I had rather be right and fail than be wrong and succeed. But a good many of the men of late are beginning to say the Yankees must be right else they could not beat us. It is a pleasure to me that I have been permitted to serve under you almost all the time."

After musing a few moments, Buford replied, "Do you know, Tom, that I think this is the last conversation I shall ever have with you, and that is why I called you out. I feel the shadow of death on me."

Tom replied, although he could not help from feeling a shudder at Buford's manner of speaking, "Do not give way to such feelings. It is strange to hear you talk so, who have led us so long and so bravely and have always been ready to cheer us in all our difficulties; O! you will live and fare no worse than the rest

of us. I have always loved you, and will stick to you to the last. You always took up for me at school when bigger and richer boys wanted to impose upon me."

"Yes, Tom," he replied, "but you always were plucky. You remember the threshing you gave Jim Slocum, who was older and a great deal larger than you, and I did nothing but see you have fair play. Mr. Nelson heard of it, but would not let it be known that he knew anything about it, for he was glad that Slocum was thrashed. But Slocum's father was angry and would have an investigation that ended in his son's expulsion from school and you receiving a light flogging, for Mr. Nelson would not strike hard. Now, my friend, as you have always been faithful and true, and I can say that, in all the armies engaged in this war, there has not been a better soldier, I am going to make some requests of you. Here is a letter, deliver it to my father, and here is a ring for Lizzie. Tell her that hers was the last name I called. Now I must be going, fall into line, Tom."

In about half an hour a column of the enemy's cavalry was seen approaching. Buford rode along his line with all his accustomed fire. He gave command in a firm tone, close up ranks, charge. There was a discharge of firearms and a shock of opposing forces, hand to hand, and the enemy were repulsed, and retreated. Tom who had kept his eyes on Buford, saw him waver in his saddle and fall. He rushed to him and dismounted. But he was dead, shot through the heart. He bore on his shoulder the heavy body to a cottage near by, and did not leave it until he had seen it decently buried, and had marked the place of the grave. The cavalry had now become disorganized, and every man was shifting for himself. Tom hovered around until it was ascertained that Lee had surrendered, when he bent his course towards home. His ride was solitary, and he saw universal desolation, fences all burned, and the site of many houses represented by heaps of ashes and falling chimneys. The few people he met were terror stricken. They gave him, when asked, a piece of corn bread and some potatoes; his horse had to depend upon the

grass found near the streams. He slept at night in out-houses and sheds. On the fifth day, near noon, he passed the old Campbell homestead and saw old Hannibal plowing in the field alone, his sons having joined a crowd of negroes going in search of freedom. He soon met James Campbell and communicated to him the sad news On approaching his home, he saw his sister plowing with a miserably thin horse, and his father, who was much crippled with rheumatism, hobbling along and doing what he could with a hoe. In spite of his beard and his rags, Tom was soon recognized by his family and received with joy into their arms. When the story of Buford's death was told, there went up a wail of sorrow from that humble home, for the sad fate of the beautiful, the brave and the good. Tom, with the indomitable energy that characterized him and so many of the Confederate soldiers, lost not a day, but went to work, and was soon seen following his war-horse hitched to a plow.

The unconquerable spirit of these men is worthy of being recorded by the historian. In all the occupations of life, in politics, in the professions, in the ministry, in merchandising and in farming, in their own States and in other States in the South and in the North, they continue to occupy a foremost place among their fellow citizens.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In December, 1865, just ten years from the opening of this story, a mournful procession proceeded out of the town of Danville. It consisted of Judge Buford and his two daughters and Harlow Heath, to whom the gentle Amanda had given her hand, and numerous friends who were conveying the remains of Mrs. Buford and her son to their last resting place, in the old family burying ground. They were buried the next day amid a large concourse of sorrowing and sympathizing friends and neighbors. When Judge Buford and Mr. Creath met, the two old men silently grasped each other's hands and wept, as the memory of all the

past came to their minds. They thought of their pleasant church meetings so constantly attended by the Judge and his amiable and pious wife, and of the family circle, in which Mr. Creath had so often been an honored guest and of the bright, handsome boy, the pride of his parents and beloved of his sisters, and they called to mind the old minister's two noble grandsons, whom the relentless war had taken from him, the props and comforts of his old age.

Lizzie was absent. She told the Judge it was more than she could bear to be present at the old home, and that her mother and brother and sisters must come to Richmond to see her. The Judge had returned to Richmond after the war, and had accepted a government appointment in hope of being of some service to his native State. He was now rich, and he determined to spend the rest of his life in Virginia. He soon sought for and found Lizzie and her infant, the little Willie, born after the death of his father. He took her to his house as one of his daughters.

While he was in Chicago, his older daughter had been much admired, and her hand sought by some of the wealthiest and most distinguished of the land, but she was true to Lamont, and constantly averred that she would never marry any man who had ever worn the blue. Poor Lamont was one of the last prisoners exchanged, and had gone back to the army in time to lose an arm, get a disfiguring wound in the face in one of the last battles of the war. He wrote a letter to Letitia telling of all his misfortunes, and in view of them, releasing her from her engagement. But she would not release him, and he had visited her in Richmond. Their marriage was postponed on account of the death of her mother. They were married the next autumn and went to South Carolina, Judge Buford furnishing the money to build a handsome dwelling in place of the one burned by Sherman's men.

Lamont became one of the leading men of his State, co-operating with Wade Hampton, in all his efforts to restore prosperity. The discovery of phosphate beds on his estate has made

him a very rich man, and Letitia is considered one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in the society of Charleston. Heath settled in Richmond where he became one of the leading lawyers.

As the years passed, the affections of Judge Buford became centered on his grandson. Lizzie made her home with him. She was much admired, and had brilliant offers of marriage, all of which she rejected, saying she had lost her first and only love, and no other man should ever occupy his place. The boy grew up strong, handsome and intelligent. On the Judge saying before some friends, that his greatest hope was that he would in all things resemble his father, some one remarked, except in his rebel proclivities. The Judge replied, "in all things, my son followed the dictates of his conscience, and I can wish no one to do otherwise."

Mr. Campbell received a handsome remuneration for his care of the Buford estate during the difficult and trying times of the war, and was continued in its management. He made money rapidly, and became one of the leading men of the community, his only mortification being his defeat, for the Legislature by old Hannibal in the days of reconstruction. He, after faithful service during the war, turned Republican in his old age and opposed and defeated his young master. Before the election he said to him, "Mars Jeems, I hates to run agin you, I raised you and think more of you than any other white man, but I is gwine to beat you if I kin. The colored folks is free and wants somebody of der own color to speak for them in de Legislature." Hannibal, like politicians of another color, based his claims to office on his philanthropy, not letting it be known that he was at all influenced by ambition, and above all by the prospect of receiving five dollars a day for his valuable services.

Mrs. Campbell is much beloved and respected in the community. She is happy in her home and family, but she frequently heaves a sigh of regret when she thinks of the noble boy, her first friend among strangers after she left her relatives in a

distant land. She sometimes visits her relatives in the North, and receives their visits in return with old-fashioned hospitality.

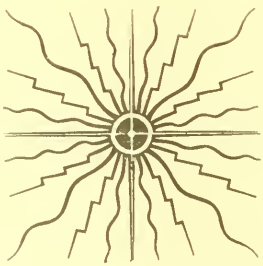
Tom Jones delivered Willie's last letter to his father, and was ever after treated by him in the kindest and most liberal manner. He was given good and profitable employment, in which he greatly prospered, and soon led to the altar Mr. Nelson's youngest daughter, a bright, rosy, amiable girl.

Dr. Stoval remains at his old home, reasonably prosperous and honored by all. His son, John, had the good fortune to escape unhurt from the war, and is filling his father's place as physician of his neighborhood. The old Doctor feels keenly the death and absence of many old friends, especially Judge Buford and Mr. Nelson, the latter going West a few years after the war.

Poor Mrs. Preston did not long survive her son's ignominious end, and Col. Preston soon followed her. His large estate was divided and sold, and after paying mortgages, gave only a scanty support for his daughters.

Soon after the close of the war, Captain Edwards and Miss Nelson were married and settled in a pleasant village in Indiana, where he soon became a prosperous merchant. Mr. Nelson made his home with his oldest and favorite daughter, Mrs. Nelson having died during the war. After Cleveland's election, he was persuaded to apply for the village postoffice, but he refused to interfere with Mr. Norton, the incumbent, to whom he was much attached, notwithstanding the latter was a Republican. Mr. Norton was a bachelor, from Connecticut, and for a long time a teacher, but as new modes of teaching came in vogue and age advanced, he would no longer obtain good situations, and the postoffice was a good resource for his declining years. He and Mr. Nelson held endless arguments on States rights and the justifiableness of slavery, and neither could convince the other. When the argument waxed too warm, Mr. Norton would propose a game of chess, of which both were very fond, and all else would soon be forgotten in its mysteries. Mr. Nelson could never be persuaded to vote until Cleveland was a candidate for the second

time. Losing this vote, he will probably never be induced to vote again, believing that constitutional government in this country is lost beyond redemption. He often speaks, with great feeling, of the sad death of Willie Buford, who, he says, was the best and brightest pupil he ever had, and if he had lived, would have become one of the nation's greatest men. And Mrs. Edwards, though blessed with a kind husband and interesting children has never forgotten the young hero who won her earliest affections.



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